National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXI. NO. 26. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,066.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

MODERN "DEMOCRACY" ILLUSTRATED.

[*The Pennsylvanian*, an official organ of the Democracy, contained an editorial on the 23rd ult., from which we take the following. The Italics are the writer's:]

SLAVES are *property*. The LAW makes them *such*. The Courts—those *august tribunals* which decide upon the social relations and individual rights of men—have held them such.

The law is clear. It is undisputed. The decisions of the Courts have been uniform. The sanction of authority from Greek Areopagi and Jewish Sanhedrim, from the times of Lycurgus and Abraham until this very day, has been unbroken. Slaves *are property*. The law *makes* property. There is no property except *what* the law makes property! And whatever the law makes property is good property.

The character of *slave* property is not different, inherently, from the character of any other property. It is subject only to the restriction or qualifications which the *law* imposes.

All property is subject to the restrictions or qualifications of the *law*. A horse is the *property* of his owner, but the latter may not *maim* or *mangle* his beast. A house belongs to *its* owner, but he cannot burn it down at his pleasure, although he *may* tear it down. So a slave belongs just as absolutely, just as rightfully, just as legally to his master, although the latter may *not abuse, maim or kill him*. Here is the whole law. This is the full theory in morals as in fact. It is mere nonsense to say that *a slave cannot be property*, because he is a *person*. Just as well might you say a horse could not be *property*, because he is an *animal*.

The master has a right of property in the services of his bound apprentice—the parent in those of the child. The *sanctity* of slave property is the same as that of all other property. He who would violate this in the one case, could easily convince himself of the rightfulness of his doing the same in any other given case which might become odious to his sense of self-righteousness, or obnoxious to his personal or political interests.

[The same paper of the 1st inst. contained, among other articles of the same sort, the three precious ones which we here subjoin.]

A RANK JOHN BROWN ABOLITIONIST ELECTED TO CONGRESS FROM THE FIFTH DISTRICT.

We publish below some affidavits and certificates, which reveal the startling fact that the Congressman lately elected by the LINCOLN party from the Fifth District, which is composed of a part of this city and Montgomery County, IS A REGULAR JOHN BROWN ABOLITIONIST. He is proved to have expressed himself at a public meeting held at Milestown schoolhouse, in the following manner:

"I feel this evening as though I had lost a brother. To-day John Brown has died at the hands of as veritable a set of hounds as ever existed—*hounds*, because *cowards*. Though dead, he yet lives, and his neck will exist as a lever between the North and the South for the overthrow of slavery; and if it cannot be abolished by amicable means, we will do it at the point of the bayonet, *and I will be one who will be willing to assist*."

The author of this speech is Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS DAVIS, A SUPPORTER OF LINCOLN, AND A BLACK REPUBLICAN DELEGATE ELECT TO CONGRESS. Such are the conservatives.

Read the affidavit and certificates:

City of Philadelphia, ss.

On the 9th day of October, A.D. 1860, personally appeared before me, one of the Aldermen of the city of Philadelphia, Henry H. Parker, who upon his soleman oath doth depose and say, that he was personally present at the Milestown School House, and did hear Wm. Morris Davis say as follows: "I feel this evening as though I had lost a brother. To-day John Brown has died at the hands of as veritable a set of *hounds* as ever existed—*hounds*, because *cowards*. Though dead, he yet lives, and his neck will exist as a lever between the *North* and the *South* for the overthrow of slavery; and if it cannot be abolished by amicable means, we will do it at the point of the bayonet; *and I will be one who will be willing to assist*."

The above is in substance what he said on the day of the execution of John Brown, at a sympathizing meeting of his friends. And further, Lucretia Mott differed with the speaker, and thought it would be best to use milder means, that more would be accomplished by keeping up the agitation of the slavery question.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 9th day of October, A.D. 1860. HENRY H. PARKER, McCartyville.

JAMES G. GIBSON, Alderman.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the extracts of the speech delivered by Wm. Morris Davis, at the Milestown school-house, on the evening of the day that John Brown was executed, are the sentiments expressed by said Davis at the time and place above mentioned.

John Evans, James Dargherty,
John Howard, Patrick Kelly,
James Todd, George Bates.

We, the undersigned citizens of Montgomery and Philadelphia Counties, do hereby certify that we were present at a lecture delivered at the Jenkintown Lyceum, by Wm. Morris Davis, on the tariff, and that he did say, in the course of his lecture, that the foreigners now in this country were of the lowest or worst class of the population of Europe, using these very words, "being the inhabitants of their poorhouses and jails." HENRY M. STEWART,
October 13th, 1860. SAMUEL HEIGHTLY.

I certify that I am acquainted with Charles Bosler, Henry P. Birchell and Joseph Childs, persons who signed a certificate certifying that the publication in *The Public Ledger* of 5th instant, "entitled record of Wm. Morris Davis, that the contents of said card are unqualifiedly false," I hereby certify that said Bosler, Birchell and Childs did admit that Wm. Morris Davis did make use of language similar in meaning to that published in said *Public Ledger* on the 5th instant, in the Milestown school-house, on the day represented by said card. They admitted he said he felt as though he had lost a brother, etc. The latter part of said card, charging him with saying he would be one to assist in liberating the slaves at the point of the bayonet, they say they did not hear him make use of the word bayonet.

I, John Steer, also certify that, from conversation and debate with Wm. Morris Davis, I always considered him an Abolitionist. JOHN STEER.
October 25th, 1860.

THE CITY RAILWAY CARS—ARE NEGROES AND WHITES TO BE MIXED TOGETHER?

To sleep, to eat and to ride in public conveyances with negroes are three things not very pleasant to do, nor would any decent person willingly be placed in such intimate association with them. The first two, fortunately for our comfort, may be easily avoided, but the last is sometimes forced upon us by conductors on the city railway cars. Of this, we are sorry to say, we have some personal experience, whilst most of our information on the subject is derived from others who, like ourselves, have been incommoded and annoyed in the same way.

Under one pretext or another, negro men and negro women are permitted to ride in the same cars with ladies and gentlemen on some of the lines. Indeed, complaints have been made to us of negro *men* being encouraged by some conductors to keep their seats whilst ladies have been compelled to stand up. We, ourselves have seen a negro wench tightly sandwiched between two ladies who manifested all the signs of mortification and discomfort.

Every custom has gentle beginnings, and innovations are usually gradual and stealthy. This nuisance should be put down at once, and without ceremony. Our people ought not to submit to it, and will not. Both ladies and gentlemen should withhold their patronage from any and every line that allows it. Great as is the convenience of these railways, we would rather see them all stopped than see them made the means of establishing negro equality.

This practice should cease at once and altogether. We hope that the several companies will give peremptory instructions on this point, and that they will promptly discharge any conductor who shall violate them. Should this experiment upon the patience and endurance of the white public be persevered in, it will excite a general, as it will be a just, indignation. These lines will lose fifty whites where they will gain one negro passenger. As a mere matter of dollars and cents, common prudence should induce them to stop this most offensive nuisance at once.

In the hope that the matters complained of have occurred without the knowledge or consent of the directors of these several companies, and that they will promptly take measures to stop them, we forbear saying more at present.

FREE NEGROES IN 1824 AND 1860.

A "review" of a publication entitled "Philadelphia in 1824," which appeared in *The Portfolio* in December of the same year, thus speaks of the free negro population:

"In 1820, we had 7,331 negroes, 2,585 of whom resided in families as servants; of these, 846 were males and 1,739 females. Of the remainder (4,746), there were 2,115 males who kept house or lived in families of their own hue, and 2,631 females.

"In the same year, the suburbs contained 3,398 of this troublesome race, of whom (182 males and 343 females) 525 were servants. *The number of this class of beings has evidently diminished, and we hope the time may come when not a black visage will be seen in our streets. They are a pernicious and irreclaimable race, whose insolence and ignorance seem to be increased by the means which have been taken to befriend them.*"

Such was the opinion of free negroes entertained by Philadelphians in 1824, but how different is the opinion in 1860. They are the idols of this era, and those who will not fall down with the black Republicans and worship them are held to be worse than heathens.

Selections.

SPEECH OF JOHN HOSSACK,

CONVICTED OF VIOLATION OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW, BEFORE JUDGE DRUMMOND, OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT OF CHICAGO.

From The Chicago Democrat.

MAY it please the Court: I have a few words to say why sentence should not be pronounced against me. I am found guilty of a violation of the Fugitive Slave law, and it may appear strange to your Honor that I have no sense of guilt. I came, sir, from the tyranny of the Old World when but a lad, landed upon the American shores, having left my kindred and native land in pursuit of some place where men of toil would not be crushed by the property-holding class. Commencing the struggle of life at the tender age of twelve years, a stranger in a strange land, having to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, your Honor will bear with me, unaccustomed as I am to appear in Courts, much less to address them. I have feared that I might fail in bearing myself on this occasion worthy of the place and the position I occupy, and the great principles involved in the case before you. I say to your Honor, therefore, if I fail in observing the usual forms of the place, it will be from a want of judgment and error of the head, and not of the heart. Therefore I do not think I shall fare worse at the hands of your Honor, if I state plainly my views and feelings on the great question of the age—the rights of man. I feel that it is a case that will be referred to long after you and I have gone to meet the great Judge of all the earth.

It has been argued by the prosecution that I, a foreigner, protected by the laws of my adopted country, should be the last to disobey those laws; but in this I find nothing that should destroy my sympathy for the crushed, struggling children of toil in all lands.

Surely I have been protected. The fish in the rivers, the quail in the stubble, the deer in the forest, have been protected. Shall I join hands with those who make wicked laws, in crushing out the poor black man, for whom there is no protection but in the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?

It is true, sir—I am a foreigner. I first saw the light among the rugged but free hills of Scotland; a land, sir, that never was conquered, and where a slave never breathed. Let a slave set foot on that shore, and his chains fall off forever, and he becomes what God made him—a man. In this far-off land I heard of your free institutions, your prairie lands, your projected canals, and your growing towns. Twenty-two years ago I landed in this city. I immediately engaged on the public works, on the canal then building that connects this city with the great river of the West. In the process of time, the State failed to procure money to carry on the public works. I then opened a prairie farm to get bread for my family, and I am one of the men that made Chicago what it is to-day, having shipped some of the first grain that was exported from this city. I am, sir, one of the pioneers of Illinois, who have gone through the many hardships of the settlement of a new country. I have spent my best days, the strength of my manhood. I have eleven children, who are natives of this my adopted country. No living man, sir, has greater interest in its welfare; and it is because I am opposed to carrying out wicked and ungodly laws, and love the freedom of my country, that I stand before you to-day.

Again, sir, I ought not to be sentenced because, as has been argued by the prosecution, I am an Abolitionist. I have no apologies to make for being an Abolitionist. When I came to this country, like the mass from beyond the sea, I was a Democrat; there was a charm in the name. But, sir, I soon found I had to go beyond the name of a party in this country, in order to know anything of its principles or practice. I soon found that however much the great parties of my adopted country differed upon banks, tariffs and land questions, in one thing they agreed, in trying which could stoop the lowest to gain the favor of the most cursed system of slavery that ever swayed an iron rod over any nation, the Moloch which they had set up, to which they offered as human sacrifice millions of the children of toil. As a man who had fled from the crushing aristocracy of my native land, how can I support a worse aristocracy in this land? I was compelled to give my humble name and influence to a party who proposed, at least, to embrace in its sympathies all classes of men, from all quarters of the globe. In this choice I found myself in the company of Clarkson and Wilberforce in my native land, and of Washington and Franklin, and many such, in this boasted land of the free; and, more than all these, the Redeemer in whom I humbly trust for acceptance with my God, who came to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty those who were bruised; yea, this very religion binds me to those in bonds as bound with them. Tell me, sir, with these views, can I be anything but an Abolitionist? Surely for this I ought not to be sentenced.

Again, sir, I ought not to be sentenced, because the Fugitive Slave law under which I am torn from my family and business by the subtle tools of the Slave Power, the slave-breeder and the slave-hunter, is at variance with both the spirit and letter of the Constitution. Sir, I place myself upon the Constitution in the presence of a nation who have the Declaration of Independence read to them every Fourth of July, and profess to believe it. Yea, in the presence of civilized man, I hold up the Constitution of my adopted country as clear from the blood of men, and from a tyranny that would make crowned heads blush. The parties who prostitute the Constitution to the support of slavery are traitors—traitors not only to the liberties of millions of enslaved countrymen, but traitors to the Constitution itself, which they have sworn to support. A foreigner upon your soil, I go-not to the platforms of contending parties to find truth. I go, sir, to the Constitution of my country: the word slave is not to be found. I read, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice"—yes, sir, establish justice—"to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." These were the men that had proclaimed to the world that *all* men were created equal; that they were endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and contended even unto death for seven long years. Can it be, sir, that these great men, under cover of those hallowed words, intended to make a government that should outrage justice and trample upon liberty as no other government under the whole heavens has ever done? This dreadful power that has compelled the great political parties of the country to creep in the dust for its power; that has debauched, to a large extent, the Christianity of the nation; that bids a craven priesthood stand with golden rule in hand, and defend the robbing of mothers of their babes, and husbands of their wives; that bids Courts decree injustice. Sir, I plant myself upon the Constitution, and demand justice and liberty, and say to this bloody Moloch, away! Sir, the world has never furnished so great a congregation of hypocrites as those that formed the Constitution, if they designed to make it the greatest slaveholder, slave-breeder, and slave-catcher on earth. He is a great slaveholder that has a thousand slaves; but if this law is a true exponent of the Constitution, this Government, ordained for justice and liberty, holds four millions of slaves.

No, sir! no! for the honor of the fathers of my country, I appeal from the bloody slaveholding statute to the liberty-loving Constitution. While these fathers lived, State after State, in carrying out the spirit of the Constitution, put an end to the dreadful system. The great Washington, in his last will and testament, carried out the spirit of the Constitution. But, sir, the law under which you may sentence me, violates both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. I have a word to say upon the articles of the Constitution which it is claimed the Fugitive Slave law is designed to carry out. "No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labor is due." That is the provision that is claimed transforms the government into a monster of iniquity. I have read, over and over, that article interpreted by all laws of language known to a plain man. How these three or four lines can transform this government, ordained to secure justice, into a mean tool to aid the plunderers of cradles, the destroyers of homes, the ravishers of women and the oppressors of men, to carry on their hellish work—how it can do this thing, I cannot see. That article binds the several States separately not to pass a certain law, but where in it do we find a Fugitive Slave law? Where do you find a Commissioner? Where do you find that the government is to hunt up and return at its own expense a slave that flees from his cruel and bloody master? Where in those lines is the authority to compel me to be a partaker in the crimes of the manstealer? The General Government is not once mentioned; but the States in their separate sovereignties are named. But, sir, this article expressly provides that the party making the claim shall have owed him service or labor due from the party claimed. If Jim Gray owed service or labor, or money, to Phillips, I am the last man in the world to raise my voice or hand to prevent Phillips, or any man, from obtaining their dues. What I would grant to the devil himself, I would not withhold even from the slaveholder—his due. Jim Gray claims that he does not owe Phillips a day's work or a dollar of money. Phillips claims that he owes him every day's work that has been deposited in his bones and sinews; yea, the toil of his body and mind both, till death shall end the period of stipulated toil. Here is a question for legal examination and judicial discussion. Does the man Gray owe this man Phillips anything? The Constitution is very clear and very plain in pointing out the way this question is to be settled.

Article —— provides that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. That Jim Gray is a person, is admitted on all hands. Phillips admits it; the bloodhounds, marshals and attorneys that hunt him, say he is a person—a person held to service. The amount in dispute is the liberty and life-long toil of a man just entering into the full maturity of manhood. A great question lies between these men. But Gray, standing on soil covered by this Constitution, can be robbed of liberty, or the wages of his toil, only by due process of law.

Article —— says, expressly, in suits at common law, when the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved. Here, sir, is a case involving the question of liberty, and hundreds of dollars of money. The law, sir, under which I appear before you, overrides these plain provisions, and commits this whole question to one man, and offers him a bribe to trample right and liberty under foot. I know, sir, it may be said Jim Gray was a slave, and not entitled to these humane provisions. Had he never worn the chain of the oppressor, nor felt the lash of the bloody taskmaster—had he been born in Canada, or anywhere else on the globe—had he been a citizen of one of the States of this Union, and never been enslaved, it would have been all the same. His liberty would have been stricken down, and he been given to the party claiming his life-long toil, and your Commissioner would have pocketed the bribe offered by this law for doing such a crime against humanity and the plainest provisions of the Constitution.

No, sir; in a Court of the United States, while the Constitution provides for trial by jury, I ought not to be sentenced for raising my hand to rescue a fellowman from a mob that would strip him of his liberty and life-long toil without due process of law, without trial by jury. Sir, this law tramples so flagrantly upon the spirit and letter of the Constitution, that I ought not to be sentenced.

Before passing from the Constitutional objections to this law, I would call the attention of your Honor to the partiality of the law, which is so at variance with the designs of the Fathers in organizing this government. No man can read the Constitution—in which the word slave cannot be found; from which the idea that a man could be reduced to a thing, and held as property, was carefully excluded—no man, I say, can read that Constitution, and come to the conclusion that slavery was to be *fostered, guaranteed* and *protected* far beyond everything else in the country. Admit that Jim Gray was Phillips's property, how comes it that that particular property is more sacred than any other property? Phillips's horse escapes from him, and is found in a distant State, but the President of the United States, and every department of government, is not put on the track until the horse is found, and then return him to Phillips's stable, and then pay the whole bill from the national treasury. No, sir. But his slave escapes—he runs away, and, for some reason, his property in man is so much more holy and sacred, that the whole government is bound to take the track and hunt the poor, panting fugitive down, and carry him back to his chains and bondage at the government's expense.

Sir, under a Constitution unstained by the word slave, we have a law magnifying slave property above all other property in the nation—a law giving it guarantees that no other property could possibly obtain. Sir, the partiality of this law is so great, that it stands opposed to a Constitution that guarantees equal justice and protection to all.

John G. Fee is driven out of his Kentucky home, and robbed of the fruits of his life-long toil. There is no power to secure him his home, or protect him in his rights of property or opinion. But had John G. Fee only owned a slave, and his slave escaped, the government, under this law, would have followed his slave to the utmost limit of the United States, and returned his slave to him at its own expense. Your Honor will pardon me (if I need pardon), but I cannot, for the life of me, see what there is in robbing a man of his inalienable rights and enslaving him for life, that should entitle it to the special and peculiar protection of national law.

I am aware, sir, that I shall be reminded that judges, marshals, attorneys and many citizens regard this law as constitutional, and stand ready to execute it, though it trample every principle of the Declaration of Independence in the dust. Sir, no law can be enacted so bad but that it will find men deluded or base enough to execute it. The law of Egypt that consigned the new-born babe to the slaughter found tools for its execution. The bloody decree of Herod found men ready to obey the law of the country, though it commanded the slaughter of the innocents of a province. Sir, tell me not of men ready and willing to execute the law. My Redeemer, whose name I am hardly worthy to speak, and yet whose name is all my trust, although he knew no sin, yet he was crucified by law.

Again, sir, it will be seen that some whom the world calls doctors of divinity and doctors of law, have undertaken to prove slavery was guaranteed by the Constitution. If that be so, in the name of the Most High God, tear out the red strip of blood; it was not written by the angel Gabriel, nor nailed to the throne of the Almighty. If slavery is in it, it is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.

But, sir, I have one consideration more that I will urge why sentence ought not to be pronounced against me. This law, which I think I have proved outrageous to the rights of man, is so obviously at variance with the law of that God who commands me to love Him with all my soul, mind, might and strength, and my neighbor as myself, and the Redeemer that took upon him my nature and the nature of poor Jim Gray, has been so particular in telling me who my neighbor is, that the path of duty is plain to me. This law so plainly tramples upon the divine law, that it cannot be binding upon any human being under any circumstances to obey it. The law that bids me do to other men as I would have other men do to me is too plain, too simple to be misunderstood. But, sir, I am now left to the general law of love in searching for my duty in this particular case. Permit me to refer your Honor to the oldest law book in existence; though it may not be in use in this Court, yet I think it better authority than Blackstone or any law book that ever was written. It is the Book of books. In that book I find some special enactments given to the Hebrew commonwealth, that leave me in no doubt as to my duty in reference to this law. "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hands, he shall surely be put to death." Again, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place he shall choose in one of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him." These plain statutes, with many more that I might give, leave me in no doubt as to the mind of the unchanging Jehovah, in reference to man-stealing and slave-hunting. Sir, the whole system of slavery originated in man-stealing, and is perpetuated by fraud and violence and plunder. Others may have their doubts as to their duty under this law; I, sir, have none. This law is just as binding on me as was the law of Egypt to slaughter Hebrew children; just as binding as the law that said, Worship the golden image, worship not God; just as binding as the law forbidding Christ and his apostles to preach the Gospel. Send me a law bidding me rob or murder my neighbor, I must decline to obey it. I can suffer, but I must not do wrong. Send me a law bidding me join hands in robbing my fellow-men of their freedom, I cannot do so great a wrong. Yea, send me a law bidding me stop my ears to the cry of the poor, I can suffer the loss of all these hands have earned, I can suffer bonds and imprisonment—yes, God helping me, I can give up my life, but I cannot knowingly trample upon the law of my God, nor upon the bleeding, prostrate form of my fellow-man. I go not to Missouri to relieve oppressed humanity, for my duty has called me nearer home; but when He that directs the steps of man conducts a poor, oppressed, panting fugitive to my door, and there I hear his bitter cry, I dare not close my ear against it, lest in my extremity I cry for mercy and shall not be heard. Sir, this law so flagrantly outrages the divine law that I ought not to be sentenced under it.

A single remark, and I have done. From the testimony (part of which is false) and from your rendering and interpretation of the law, the jury have found me guilty; yes, guilty of carrying out the great principles of the Declaration of Independence; yes, guilty of carrying out the still greater principles of the Son of God. Great God! can these things be? Can it be possible? What country is this? Can it be that I live in a land boasting of freedom, of morality, of Christianity? How long, oh, how long shall the people bow down and worship this great image set up in this nation? Yes, the jury say guilty, but recommend me to the mercy of the Court. Mercy, sir, is kindness to the guilty. I am guilty of no crime, I therefore ask for no mercy. No, sir, I ask for no mercy; I ask for justice. Mercy is what I ask of my God. Justice in the Courts of my adopted country is all I ask. It is the inhuman and infamous law that is wrong, not me.

My feelings are at my home. My wife and my children are dear to my heart; but, sir, I have counted the cost. I am ready to die, if need be, for the oppressed of my race. But slavery must die; and when my country shall have passed through the terrible conflict which the destruction of slavery must cost, and when the history of the great struggle shall be candidly written, the rescuers of Jim Gray will be considered as having done honor to God, to humanity, and to themselves.

I am told there is no appeal from this Court, yet I do appeal to the court of high Heaven, when Judge Drummond and Judge Caton, the rescuer and the rescued, shall all have to stand at the judgment seat of the Most High.

I have, sir, endeavored to obey the divine law and all the laws of my country that do not conflict with the laws of my God. My humble wish is, that it may then appear that I have done my duty. All I wish to be written on my tombstone is, "He feared God and loved his fellow-men."

DR. CHEEVER AND HIS MISSION.

From The London Morning Advertiser, Oct. 12.

THE Rev. Dr. Cheever is now actively engaged in affording to our country a true photograph of American slavery, for the two-fold purpose of letting us know the true character of the diabolical institution and giving us an opportunity of rendering some efficient aid to the noble band of men who are honestly and earnestly fighting the battle of the slave in the United States.

We claim for Dr. Cheever the cordial sympathy of all who really desire the abolition of slavery in America. He is one of the little band who, not content with saying that slavery is a great evil which it is desirable to abolish, or dealing with it once a year in the way of formal protest, or calling themselves Abolitionists when they come over to this country, are really fighting the battle vigorously on the enemy's land.

It is the merit of Dr. Cheever that he has applied his scholarship to the investigation of all those arguments which American divines profess to extract from the Holy Scriptures in support of slavery, and torn their flimsy sophistries to ribbons. Such is the tremendous power of his writings on this subject that no publisher in America had the courage to put his name to "The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding," and, to the disgrace of the land of liberty, that invaluable work is without any publisher's name to the present day. Our author, intrenching himself in the citadel of divine truth, directs his artillery against all who have any complicity with "the sum of all villanies," whoever they may be, whether reverend divines, Methodist bishops, learned professors, Church elders, or half-hearted professors of friendship for the slave. It is a real treat to look on this eloquent and enthusiastic man, who seems as if gifted with inspiration on his noble theme, and called to the position of the leader of a new and vigorous race of Abolitionists. There have been, and there still are, men in the United States who have labored nobly and sacrificed largely in the cause of negro emancipation, to whom we most gratefully render all the homage due for the work they have done and are doing, but we never saw or heard any man who could rival, for literary taste, for mighty eloquence, for thorough-heartedness, for self-immolation, the distinguished man who is now among us.

The great power of Dr. Cheever seems to lie in the determination with which he selects the one great crying sin of the United States as his constant if not his only theme. Whatever intellectual and moral powers his Maker has given to him—and they are of the highest order—are all consecrated to the one sublime overwhelming object which he is seeking to gain. He throws all the rays of his intellect into one dazzling focus on the monster evil of slavery, and allows none of its vile deformities and diabolical horrors to escape the notice of those who have the courage to look on the spectacle. Dr. Cheever suffers for his earnestness. As a deservedly popular preacher he occupied one of the highest positions in New York, being surrounded by persons of wealth, tasté, and refinement, who were attracted by his eloquence and learning, but nearly all of whom have fled from him lest they should suffer the reproach of waiting on the ministrations of an Abolitionist. The poor and the humble, the sincere and true friends of the downtrodden, have taken to the deserted pews of the fashionable congregation; and if we wanted a proof that Dr. Cheever was the man deserving all confidence and honor, all the sympathy and cooperation of true philanthropists, we should find it in the fact that he is preaching a gospel which the poor can value, and which honestly proclaims deliverance to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

That Dr. Cheever is the kind of man called for at the present moment no one can doubt who is acquainted with the diabolical things that are being perpetrated just now in the United States and their Territories. For the purpose of setting up an excuse for the vilest cruelties against the slaves and their friends, recourse is had to the base stratagem of charging the slaves with a wide-spread conspiracy to murder their employers. We are told that there is not the slightest foundation for the reports in which these men-stealers indulge, and on the strength of which there are every week numerous arrests and judicial murders of white persons suspected of abolitionism. On authority which commands our perfect confidence we are informed that "Negroes and white men are tortured with astounding ferocity, and if in their agony they consent to charge any number of persons with having incited them to commit offences, those charges are entirely sufficient as the ground for the death of the inculpated parties."

We are all at this time feeling the utmost horror at those revelations made by Lord Llanover and Mr. Edwin James of what they have just seen in the foul prisons of Naples. Every honest mind is filled with disgust and horror as it contemplates the fact that perfectly innocent men have, by the royal miscreants of Naples, father and son, been thrust into those nauseous dungeons to languish and perish; but we beg to ask with what feelings honest men will learn that things as bad and worse are done with impunity in that land of freedom which Mr. Dallas now represents at the Court of Queen Victoria.

We read in the Southern journals that "two white devils" were publicly hanged in Anderson County (Texas) for having furnished the negroes with more than a hundred bottles of strychnine to poison the wells, the evidence of which was only the statement of some colored persons while under torture, and to escape death. That in Williams County three white men and three negroes were hanged on similar pretences. That in Upshur County a man named Morrison was hanged in the presence of five hundred citizens, for the crime of being "charged" with inciting negroes to insurrection. That a wandering mapseller, who had lately visited San Antonio, had, in the profane language of its *Ledger*, "been translated to *another sphere of action*, and that a negro boy had accompanied him in his *permanent* suspension from earthly duties"; and that (to quote similar terms of levity from the old-established *Galveston News*) a Mr. Lemon, an Abolitionist, who was under direction to quit the State, had "been prevented by a material impediment." And can we read these things in American papers and fail to identify the spirit of slavemongers with Bomba and Bombalino? We are almost checked in our attempts to decry the brutality of these Italian tyrants when we read of the doings of our degenerate Republicans in the slave districts. Certainly, while such things exist in a country with which we have so many ties of affinity we feel that the cause of freedom is wounded in the house of its professed friends, and we have the utmost satisfaction in showing all honor to the man who is here to inform us as to the true character of these enormities which he is so earnestly laboring to denounce and abolish. We hope that the Christian ministry of our land will unite in yielding to Dr. Cheever all the moral support it is in its power to render.

THE CHURCH AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

THERE are cases where not to speak is a strong form of assertion—*not* to condemn is to approve. When a great moral question is made a test question before the public mind, or a great evil is threatening to spread in a community, and any body of men professing eminently to be the representative men of Christianity, decline publicly and clearly to express any opinion about it, this want of assertion is immediately received by the powers of evil as the strongest affirmation.

The history of the slavery question has been such a constant history of such instances, among different religious bodies professing to represent the Christian Church, as to give rise to more unbelief in Christianity as a practical working force, than any other one cause. Two marked instances of this kind have lately occurred. The Episcopal Convention in New York, and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Boston, being importuned, have refused to testify against an inhumanity the most loathsome and horrible that ever defaced human history—the slave trade.*

Nor can it be pleaded in excuse that this is a bygone and obsolete kind of wickedness—since it has come back on us like the demoniac with seven other spirits more wicked than itself. It is computed that a slave ship leaves the port of New York every week fitted out for this infernal traffic—to say nothing of what is done in other ports. It is known that officers appointed by Government to prevent this horror are constantly bribed into connivance, and that these floating hells, with their living cargoes of horror and despair, are riding the waves with the connivance, if not by the money, of men who hold seats in our churches and profess to be Christians.

The very refusal to testify shows how the poisonous roots of the cancer have spread in the so-called Christian Church. A few years ago, who was offended with denunciations of the slave trade? Nobody! *That* was "given up to Satan"—and the cheap rhetoric of those who defended slavery expended itself in valiant abuse of the slave trade. In vain have Paul, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Nehemiah, or Amaziah or Jehoram, or any of the Old Testament sinners whose transgressions afford such splendid targets for those who wish to avoid personalities in their own times. But the same arguments which demoralized the conscience and frittered away the moral sense in regard to bearing testimony against slavery, hold equally good against the slave trade—and that is beginning to be understood. All evil is logically connected, and will invariably run in its immutable sequences. There is no abomination that can be mentioned or can be conceived which might not be suffered to gain ground in a community by steadily pursuing the same course that the American Church has done about slavery.

It has come now to be *delicate* ground to talk against the slave trade; and Christian bodies, instead of speaking in thunder, piously shut their eyes and give thanks that so very embarrassing a topic has not been suffered to divide the hearts of brethren or interrupt the rejoicings of a solemn jubilee to commemorate the triumphs of Christianity.

It is a delicate matter, it appears, for a Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to condemn the setting on fire the villages of the heathen, and seizing the inhabitants—driving them in herds to the seashore, and stowing them, for a long voyage, with only the room allowed by a coffin; the sweat, the filth, the pantings, the loathsome diseases, the daily throwing overboard of the dead, the after procession of sharks, who complete the work of fear, agony and despair; all this, it appears, is in some way such delicate and controverted ground, that to express an opinion about it might be a disturbing element among Christian brethren. What is the use of sending a Gospel to Dahomey that does not remonstrate against such horrors in New York? If there is not power enough in what we profess to prevent civilized, Christianized, church-going people from sinking into these abysses of barbarism, what do you expect to make of the Hottentots? If the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?

But the Gospel has not died out of America—it is only like a strawberry bed, where the life has gone out of old plants into young runners. The Gospel of Christ is expounded at this day more truly in many of the political speeches of the Republican party, than in some pulpits, and some so-called religious papers. That invisible but mighty force which we call the *spirit of the age*, is burning like an oven against all the devices of injustice and cruelty; and those whose eyes are truly opened know *Who* it is that is breathing that powerful breath through all the ways of man—and, as the prophet of old, they fall on their faces when the *Spirit of the Lord* passeth by.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in The Independent.*

*According to the report of the meeting, as given in *The Congregationalist* and other papers, Mr. H. T. Cheever moved an amendment to the report of a committee which was before the Board for consideration. Dr. Beman said that it was not in order to amend a report. The Board silently acquiesced in this statement of Dr. Beman, and Mr. Cheever was the next day ruled out of order. Is this true? And if it be true, was there ever a more tyrannical or unparliamentary ruling? If a report cannot be amended, why is it submitted to a meeting or voted on at all? What has the Bible Society or the Nassau street Tract Society done, in the way of parliamentary tricks, worse than this? If the ground were Mr. Wolcott's, namely, that Mr. Cheever could not make a personal explanation in regard to an occurrence of the previous day, does that essentially soften the tyrannical aspect of the proceeding?

DR. GUTHRIE ON SLAVERY.

From The Caledonian Mercury.

AT a large and enthusiastic anti-slavery meeting held in Edinburgh a few nights ago, Dr. Guthrie, who presided, delivered a very animated speech. He said that, as Dr. Cheever, one of the best, holiest, and greatest men in America—would be in Edinburgh in three or four weeks to roll on the ball that Miss Remond had set a moving—(cheers)—he should then have an opportunity of expatiating on the subject of slavery, and he would keep his shot in the locker till Dr. Cheever came (laughter and cheers). He had occasionally heard people doubt the words of Holy Scripture, that "God had made of one blood all the nations and families of the earth," and they had been inclined to maintain that the dark were an inferior race to the white man. Now, he was not sure but what Adam was black (much and long-continued laughter, and cheers). He would tell them the reason why (renewed laughter). Major Denham, a distinguished African traveller, went to that country, and spent three or four years in the home and cradle of the slave race, and he had got so accustomed to the dark beauties of Africa, and had got so much to admire what men called God's image in ebony, that, when he reached the shores of our own land, and saw the white ladies, oh, they looked very sickly-like to him (laughter). That was a fact in a man's experience (renewed laughter). And he was now going to tell them a fact in philosophy, and he had never heard it answered. The celebrated Dr. Fleming, Professor of Natural Science in the Free Church College, and one of the greatest naturalists of his day, maintained that black was the right and proper color, and that we are all bleached up (roars of laughter)—that we were just like one of those shawls that were seen sometimes in the Cowgate (laughter)—the color clean gone (renewed laughter). He would give them a physical fact in connection with this. The skin that covered our bodies was composed of certain layers—one of these, anatomists called the *rete mucosum*. That was a learned term (laughter)—but it was a sort of membrane which consisted of a congeries of cells. Now, in the white man these were very like the boxes kept in such shops as those of Mr. Knox—they were all for show—there was nothing in them (laughter)—but in regard to the dark race the *rete mucosum* was filled with what is called a black pigment, and if the *rete mucosum* was not made for the black pigment, what was it made for at all? (Laughter). That was rather a philosophical argument (renewed laughter). The opinion was held by some that the dark race was the old original race of man: a black face and a white heart. There was many a man who had a white face and a black heart! (Cheers.)

GEORGE THOMPSON AT BRIGHTON.

From The Brighton (England) Times, Oct. 6.

ON Monday evening last, as well as on the previous Monday, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which addresses—having reference to the question which at present agitates all sections of the American community, namely, the present limitation and ultimate abolition of the anomalous institution of slavery in the midst of a boastful republic—were delivered by Mr. George Thompson, late M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, whose labors for the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies are well remembered by many of the inhabitants of Brighton; and Mr. William Craft, whose romantic story of the escape of himself and wife from slavery in Georgia, is familiar to many of our readers. The boisterous storm of wind and rain which prevailed at the time of the first of these two meetings, operated against a full attendance; but the audience was of a very respectable character, and appeared much interested in the proceedings. In the absence (on the first occasion) of the Mayor, who was prevented from being present by an engagement, the chair was taken by John Noble, Esq., J.P., late Mayor of Boston, and now a resident of this town, upon whom Mr. Thompson, in proposing that he should preside, pronounced a high eulogium, as being a gentleman long devoted to

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

DONATIONS.

IN accordance with our usual custom at this season we make an appeal to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the payment of pledges made during the year, or for any donations they may now be disposed to contribute to its funds. Letters may be addressed to Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

"VERBAL LEGERDEMAIN."

THE overthrow of slavery advances with increased rapidity. The frantic efforts of its most Southern supporters for the increase, and the legalization, of that foreign slave trade which has hitherto been carried on stealthily—the threats vented by the South of secession and war, of a forcible seizure of the Treasury and the government archives and buildings, and of a stoppage of commercial intercourse with the North, in the event of Lincoln's election—the manufacture of preposterous stories of plots, in which Northern Abolitionists are assumed to travel to the extreme South, carrying strychnine *to poison the wells* (the very wells at which they and their associates must thereafter drink, unless they propose to live without drinking)—the lashings, violent expulsions, hangings and burnings, of white strangers and negro residents, which are necessary to give an air of reality to these absurd fabrications—the brutal treatment, in every slave State, of visitors from the North, who are followed, watched, impertinently catechized respecting their business, residence, origin, politics and opinions, and then assaulted with personal outrage and driven violently out of the State for no worse crime than having spoken civilly to a negro, or owned a copy of *The Tribune*, or expressed a preference for the Republican party, or even for the suspicion of any one of these things—all these, so far from showing increasing vigor and vitality in the Slave Power, are proofs only of insane desperation, clutching at straws for salvation from its manifest destiny; lavishing its strength, like a man in *delirium tremens*, with self-exhausting energy and profusion. It is the wrath of that evil spirit which rages more furiously in proportion to the shortness of his remaining time, and *because he knows* that his time is short.

All these, we say, are by no means discouraging, but hopeful indications, clearly marking the beginning of the end. But, while we mark, and expose, these struggles of the actual slaveholders against the advance of civilization and Christianity, it is of the utmost importance to mark, and expose, the corresponding efforts of "the great bulwark of slavery," the American Church, with its leading partisans and organs, and their tortuous and treacherous manœuvres.

We have heretofore spoken of the undisguised complicity with slavery shown in the recent anniversaries of the Episcopal Convention in this city, and of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Boston. We have also described the treacherous devices by which the most widely circulated "religious" newspaper in the country, while saying many hard things against slavery and its apologists, and thus securing the *name* of opposition to that wickedness, has buttressed it in the manner most effective of all, by persistently holding open the door of the Church for the admission of slaveholders. We have now to speak of the latest evasion, at once false and calumnious, of the dishonest newspaper in question. *The Independent* speaks of those who express their opposition to slavery in such a manner as to condemn complicity with it *in the Churches, and by the representatives of piety*, as well as elsewhere and by other persons, as practising "logodœdaly," or verbal legerdemain, with the purpose of "confounding things that are different." The effrontery of thus characterizing the use of the simple word "slaveholders," as it has appeared in these columns, and in the speeches and resolutions of Dr. Cheever, and in the writings of friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, would be amazing, but for the frequency of equal displays of it in the paper alluded to.

Let us test the justice or injustice of this accusation by looking, for a moment, at the differing expressions of these two parties, and then at the practical tendency of the use of each.

Slavery is the thing practised by slaveholders. Without slaveholders, slavery would have no existence; they are the persons who prevent its abolition; they are the parties primarily responsible for its continuance, and for its guilt.

The terrible *directness* of Mr. Garrison's language is one of the complaints made against him by conservatism in Church and State. When he wishes to describe the method of thorough anti-slavery action, he says—"No Union with slaveholders!" This is distinct, explicit, unmistakable. *The Independent* assails Mr. Garrison with calumnious innuendoes, but excuses itself from replying to him directly by echoing the false charge of infidelity which its brother and rival, *The Observer*, had already made against him.

Dr. Cheever saw that slavery was sheltered in the Church by the very parties who had found it necessary to utter strong *general* language of condemnation against it. The American Tract Society and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were perfectly content with slavery. They preferred not to touch it, in the way of opposition, with one of their fingers. At last, compelled by the persevering remonstrances of some of their patrons, they uttered some general condemnation of the system, carefully so phrased as not to infringe upon slaveholding church-members. In the same way, *The Independent* (which was established because a class of men was growing up who, liking *The Observer's* piety, were disgusted with the thoroughness of its pro-slavery) used expressions strongly condemnatory of slavery in general, but so phrased as to spare those slaveholders who were allied with it as "Christian brethren."

Dr. Cheever saw the pernicious practical influence of this course of policy. He saw that it was folly, as well as wickedness, to tolerate and extenuate, in the Church, that which is decried as evil when practised by "the world." He saw the absurdity of defending a certain proportion of putridity in "the salt of the earth"; of maintaining an intermixture of some thick darkness with "the light of the world"; and he saw, above all, that evil example would not only nullify piety of precept, but would prove shameless hypocrisy in those who attempted to unite the two. He therefore attacked slavery in the "American Board" as well as in the Tract Society; and, as Mr. Garrison had done, he expressed this opposition in the simplest and directest language, making his rebukes tell against "slaveholders," regardless of the fact that a pro-slavery Church had rated them as Christians. And this it was which first drew upon him the opposition of *The Independent*.

The whole of this immensely important matter is seen, in a nut-shell's compass, in the resolution offered by Dr. Cheever in the General Association of the State of New York, at its meeting last year in Dr. Thompson's church.

This resolution condemned "slaveholding," declaring that the renunciation of it ought to be made a condition of membership in the Christian Church.

Dr. Thompson opposed the resolution, caused its rejection, and then proposed a substitute which censured—not "slaveholding," but—"the holding of human beings as property," which was adopted by the votes of those who had rejected the other.

Why, having rejected the former, did these Reverend gentlemen adopt the latter, of these two expressions which *seem* synonymous?

Because the identity of meaning is *only* seeming!

Because the latter expression allows them to retain slaveholders in their Churches, and to recognize, *as Christian*, Churches in the South consisting mainly of slaveholders.

Because, by the latter, the burden of reprobation is transferred from the overt act of slaveholding, a thing which can be proved, to the mental purpose of the slaveholder, which can be kept unproved, as far as action or discipline by the Church is concerned, by so simple and common a thing as a slaveholder's lie.

Because the simplicity, directness and thoroughness of the language used by Mr. Garrison and Dr. Cheever assails slaveholding *in* the Church just as much as out of the Church, a thing which *The Independent* carefully avoids doing.

Yet it is this very directness of speech, going straight to the mark, and piercing the Slave Power under the communion-table just as surely as in the cotton-field, that *The Independent* has the assurance to stigmatize as "logodœdaly," or verbal legerdemain, while its own language, studiously so adjusted as to spare the slaveholding church-member, is represented as honest, simple and practical opposition to slavery.

How far this policy of *The Independent* is honest and simple, has been shown to the disentangling of many of its deceptions in these columns. How far it is *practical* opposition to slavery, may be seen by the fact that the editors of that paper have always affectionately fraternized with Dr. South-side Adams, vouching for his character as "venerable" and "Christian"; and that its senior editor (Dr. Bacon of New Haven) joined in reëlecting him on the Prudential Committee of the "American Board," at its very last meeting, as he has often done before.

Dr. Adams has elaborately argued that slaveholding is right, desirable and Christian. His writing and preaching, his "life and conversation," have been more effectual in maintaining the credit of slavery in this country than the efforts of any actual slaveholder. His moral relation to slavery is the same as that of any actual slaveholder, except that he has sinned against more light, and under the pressure of less temptation.

It is absurd to say that a practical opposition to slavery is carried on by opposing Legree as a monster and at the same time defending Dr. Adams as a Christian. Yet *The Independent* takes, and adheres to, this position, in spite of the obvious fact that the sanctimoniousness of Dr. Adams and his pro-slavery fellow-clergymen is the very force that keeps the brutality of Legree from breaking down the system which they both advocate.

When the Church separates herself from slavery, slavery will sink, from the utter rottenness of its other supports. The great trial has now begun whether she will so withdraw, or wait until a common ruin overwhelms both. She would not hear the Abolitionists. Another chance is mercifully given her, to hear the same momentous truths from the lips of Dr. Cheever. But the crisis hastens. The danger becomes more imminent for every day that repentance and reformation are delayed.

WESTERN OPERATIONS.

WEST LIBERTY, Muscatine Co., Iowa, Oct. 28, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: "The West," like the "Down East," is, geographically considered, all a myth. There is really no West, permanent. Here, almost two thousand miles from home, I hear "the West" spoken of as the place for men to go, "*to get a living*"; for that is, after all, the reason why most people emigrate. Within my recollection, "York State" was about equivalent to "sunset," or the western end of the world. I once saw a man and boy set off, with heavy hearts, but light purses and valises, "to seek their fortune." I asked the father where they were going. "Oh," said he, "to the far West"! and he sighed so loudly as he spoke as to waken my loyal sympathy as well as curiosity, and I asked, To what place? And he said, as his son began to cry, "More than twenty miles west of Rochester." But forty years have made havoc with our Western as well as Southern boundaries.

And fearful injustice and wickedness have attended the march in both those directions. Piracy on the sea is the only parallel to land monopoly here in this ocean prairie of the West. I would hang men for the latter as soon as for the former. When Harvard Law School teaches the "Higher Law," when Legislatures only "reënact the laws of God," when men have founded schools where wisdom is the only teacher, States whose throne is justice, and Churches whose altar and worship are love (as will be in the "good time coming"), our present government, with its slave codes and decisions, and our land monopolies, will rank and write us down as the very *midnight of the dark ages*. New England and New York, as yet, know little of the outrages perpetrated here, and all through these frontier States and Territories, by iron-hearted speculators in the soil. No Scripture story of Eden, no fabulous fertility ascribed to the shores of the Nile, no fancied Utopia, blooming in the brain of a Sir Thomas More, and turning the heads of half an empire, will more than realize the marvellous beauty and richness of myriads on myriads of acres, sweeping backward from both banks of the Mississippi. And where is now only a cabin or cottage, scarcely discernible to each other without a telescope, there should be as beautiful villages as to-day smile all along the Hudson and Connecticut. But while money is more than man, and land is more than liberty, the curse on Adam and on Eden may as well be accepted as divine inspiration. Nor can it be otherwise while the existing order prevails. Our present politics and religion are total failures for the great work of redemption, material, moral or spiritual. And but for our own anti-slavery movement—a perpetual protest against all tyrannies—and the "still small voice" of the Eternal, amid the earthquakes, whirlwinds and fires now crazing and blasting the nations, one might well despair. Missions and missionaries of mercy there are in every age. Ours is the manifestation of God's love and good-will to the children of men in the nineteenth century. All our governments, all our religions, are only convenient and corrupt compromises with sinners and with sin. "*No* union with slaveholders," *no* "covenants with death," *no* "agreements with hell," none whatever—none, though earth and heaven pass away—none, though the very pillars of heaven fall—none, not even to purchase immediate millennial blessedness—this, and this only is our gospel! All Pentateuchs, Psalms or Prophecies, all priesthoods, altars or worship, all constitutions, governments or unions, founded on a lower philosophy or faith, bear on their very face the hectic seal of consumption's fatal fires.

It is only in this sublime light that I contemplate our glorious enterprise. Viewed thus, my word, spoken on these distant prairies, reaches in its reverberation to the shores of the Tiber, and yours, in THE STANDARD, is shaking down the thrones of tyranny, secular and spiritual, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Sea. It is only in this exalted strain that I desire to be a preacher of the gospel of freedom. It is only thus that I now endeavor to unfold the treasures of that heavenly proclamation.

Since writing you before, I have spoken in most of the principal towns in La Salle County, Illinois. The people are waiting and longing for better things than their politics or pulpits bring. Many hope Abraham Lincoln will not be elected, even though expecting to vote for him, because they fear their disappointment will be greater in his election than at his defeat; so many pledges and promises are made to the South on his behalf. Such, too, is my own view of the case. I lectured one evening last week in Ottawa Court House. Among my audience were the brave Hossack and Dr. Stout, just released from prison, for rescuing a slave from the merciless fangs of the government, that had volunteered to perform the bloodhound in his tyrant master's service. They were my text and theme for the evening.

I am writing from the very last house of rendezvous of the heroic Captain Brown and his little band, before they embarked for the mountains overhanging Harper's Ferry. Last week completed the year since the scenes at that memorable spot. Did ever such an avalanche descend from mountain height before, as that which swept down upon slavery's bloody plains on the 16th of October last, all obedient, I doubt not, to the voice of the Most High? A few such thunders more, and slavery and Sodom shall sleep together; the Church and government, meanwhile, like Lot's wife, petrified to salten pillars, may stand as becoming monuments for ever and ever.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION AT CANASTOTA, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

AN Anti-Slavery Convention of much interest was held on Saturday and Sunday, October 20 and 21, at Canastota, in the Free Church of which the Rev. BERIAH GREEN is pastor. The following organization was adopted:

President—Mr. — WILSON.

Secretary—Mrs. Dr. Jarvis.

Business Committee—Beriah Green, G. W. Putnam, Aaron M. Powell, Rev. C. A. Hammond, Mrs. G. W. Putnam.

Finance Committee—Thomas Burdick, Mrs. — Ball.

The first session on Saturday was mainly occupied by Aaron M. Powell, who contrasted the anti-slavery cause of twenty-five years ago with the anti-slavery movement of the present time in its several aspects. He argued hopefully the early liberation of the slave, if not from a noble, magnanimous sense of duty on the part of his oppressors, then through revolutionary action. There was a strong undercurrent of sympathy with the cause of freedom in the hearts of the masses. This could not always be repressed by timeserving, calculating politicians, or a pro-slavery, selfish and corrupt religion. John Brown's Lexington gun, in the second great revolution, had already been heard quite around the world.

On Saturday evening the Convention was addressed by Messrs. Powell and Green. I cannot give you a sketch of their remarks. The chief topic was the present relation of the several political parties to the slavery question. Mr. Green made the closing speech, and one of the most searching and closely analytical efforts, as applied to the Republican party, to which I have ever listened.

Three sessions were held on Sunday, each fully attended, and characterized by a lively, appreciative interest.

The forenoon session was chiefly occupied by Mr. Green, Mr. Powell, and Rev. Mr. Hammond of Peterboro. Resolutions were introduced by Messrs. Powell and Hammond, but having no copy in my possession I shall be unable to give them to you.

In the afternoon, George W. Putnam made a stirring and impressive speech upon the religious aspects of the cause. His remarks, though very radical in tone, were received with much apparent interest. The Rev. Mr. Hammond again addressed the Convention, advocating the union of political effort with moral agitation against slavery. The Convention was next addressed by Hon. Gerrit Smith. This was the first public meeting in which he had spoken, from home, in nearly two years. He seems to be in excellent health. He defined very eloquently his idea of true religion, its simplicity and excellence; also gave his views of the Divine government, as applied to slavery. In the light of his definition of true religion, human government, he argued, should be truly religious, and to vote was an obligation not to be set aside. Absence from the polls was a dereliction of duty. I cannot give you anything like a full sketch of his, or of any of the speeches. A. M. Powell raised the inquiry as to the relation of Mr. Smith, and such as are with him in belief, to the actual existing organization, called government, by and through which slaves are held and hunted. Such an organization, known and recognized as government, could not be truly religious, the polls thereof certainly could not be of Divine appointment, nor absence therefrom, on our part, be a dereliction of duty. Why not labor directly and avowedly for revolution? At any rate, he considered it an anti-slavery duty to recognize the present machinery of government only as a conspiracy, conspiring against the liberty of a nation of slaves.

Mr. Smith responded, that though the polls and other governmental arrangements were in the hands of wicked men, he would go among them, cast his ballot for righteous rulers, and so be an exemplar of truth and the right among his fellow-men. He defended his course in going to Congress, and accepting a seat therein in legislation, as in nowise inconsistent with his views of righteous government. Mr. Green argued very ably and (to my mind) conclusively, that through the recognized sovereignty of the majority in legislation, what is denominated government here is a most monstrous and wicked conspiracy, and, being such, we should not, either at the polls or in the Legislature, acknowledge the sovereignty of that majority, but stand, if need be, alone, personating true government and the right in ourselves, free of complicity with conspirators. A friendly, protracted and animated discussion upon this subject followed, participated in by Messrs. Smith, Green and Powell.

On Sunday evening, interesting opening remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Green, of the Sandwich Islands (brother of Beriah Green). He gave an account of the introduction and use of the ballot in the affairs of government in the Sandwich Islands, and expressed his faith in the use of the ballot for the removal of slavery from this country. A. M. Powell was the next speaker. He spoke of the faith of the Abolitionists in the absolute right, of the value of uncompromising individual character, of the superiority of the influence of personal rectitude over that of ballots tainted with compromise. The great Teacher, whose work was not to organize either Churches or political parties, but to go about doing good, united with the "foolishness of preaching," was their exemplar. As in 1856, so now in 1860, in the excitement of a Presidential campaign, many will forget or set aside this Divine philosophy, and the noble line of conduct to which it leads, just for this once, in the emergency of the hour, to choose the "least" of two "great evils," in the hope that good may come thereby. All such will be in so far weakened personally, and the slave a loser in their sacrifice of strength. Beriah Green next addressed the Convention at considerable length, taking for his theme the "Infidelity of the Abolitionists," which he presented in favorable contrast with the popular "evangelical" religion of the country, as illustrated by the late Episcopal Convention, the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Tract Society, etc. I could wish you and your readers might be favored with a verbatim report of this speech. The striking contrast, with its lights and shades, was rendered with an effectiveness and a logical power which only he could give it.

The tone of the meetings throughout was spirited and encouraging, and it was a Convention which cannot but have left a strong impress for good upon all who attended it.

L.

TAKING REVENGE.—A few months since, a free colored man was kidnapped in the town of Sadsbury, Lancaster Co., Pa., and an attempt made to sell him into slavery. The kidnapped man had been employed by Mr. J. Williams Thorne, an active Abolitionist and a subscriber to this paper, and he, as in duty bound, took an active part in securing the arrest and indictment of the kidnappers. On the night of the 20th ult. Mr. Thorne's barn was set on fire and destroyed. His house was saved only by extraordinary exertion. There is scarcely a doubt that the incendiary was one of the indicted kidnappers, whose motive, in the light of this fact, is clear enough. In the morning after the fire, Mr. Thorne searched the adjoining grounds for some traces of the incendiary, and, on going into the cornfield, he discovered fresh tracks of a man going to and returning from the barn, which being followed, led to where a horse had been hitched to the fence. These tracks were followed to the Mt. Vernon Hotel and thence to the residence of a man named Wilson, one of the indicted kidnappers, who was thereupon arrested. The contents of Mr. Thorne's barn were valuable, and his loss is believed to be $2,000 over and above the sum for which he was insured. His neighbors, by whom he is highly respected, should not suffer him to bear this heavy loss alone. Mr. Thorne belongs to the class of men who call themselves "infidels" (a class usually as hostile to the anti-slavery movement as the sectarians represented by *The New York Observer*), but if the ministers and Churches in his neighborhood possessed as much of the Christian spirit as is manifested by him in his daily life, there would be little danger of any one there being kidnapped and sold into slavery. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

THE TRUTH VINDICATED.

IN our remarks last week upon the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, allusion was made to a gross caricature of the proceedings in *The Press* of Philadelphia, and particularly to certain misrepresentations, by the reporter of that paper, of a speech made by Mr. Robert Purvis. The following card from Mr. Purvis himself, which we copy from *The Press*, will be quite sufficient to convince all who know him that he was grossly libelled by the reporter.

BYBERRY, Tuesday, October 30.

EDITOR PRESS: I regret to see that your reporter has repeated the offence by which I was injured in your paper of Saturday. As he has invited a reply, I will so far avail myself of that fact as to say that his report as a whole, and in some of its important particulars, is a gross misrepresentation. *I distinctly and unqualifiedly deny that I applied to Washington the epithets ascribed to me; or that I applied to him any epithet whatsoever.* It is true, sir, that I do not feel the reverence commonly cherished toward the founders of this government, and I said so at the meeting. It is true also that, for a government which tramples me and all that are dear to me in the dust, and whose chief judicial tribunal has declared that I and mine "have no rights which white men are bound to respect"—that for such a government I have no other feeling than that of loathing and disgust; and I said so at the meeting, and with indignant emphasis. But, sir, I am not a Bedlamite. I do not rave with the indecency and incoherence this reporter attributes to me. I know I am vehement when I speak, and often express myself with more warmth than others of cooler temperament; but, sir, there is at least some method in what I say when I rise to address an audience.

I will not trespass further on your space, except to add, if you will allow me, an expression of my hope that such of your readers as deem the matter worthy of a second thought, will do me the favor—I will not say justice—to procure a copy of the next number of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and read in that what I *did* say in the speeches referred to.

Respectfully yours, ROBERT PURVIS.

The reporter, however, is not without his backers, as the following, from *The Press* of Nov. 5 will show:

KENNETT SQUARE, Nov. 2.

MR. EDITOR: Our attention has been called to a report of the proceedings of an Abolition Convention held in this place on Thursday and Friday last; also to a card, signed by Robert Purvis, denying the truthfulness of the same. And we feel it to be but simple justice to your reporter to state that his account of the speech made by the said Purvis was true and faithful, so far as it went, but we regard it as rather under than over the mark. The vituperative epithets applied to Washington; the charges brought against Jefferson and other founders of our Republic; the abusive slang indulged in towards Mr. Greeley, such as calling him "the shackling Albino Greeley," etc., was even more rancorous and insulting than the report of his impotent venom which appeared in *The Press*. We hope, for the peace and credit of our community, that such an outrage upon the memory of the sacred and venerated dead may never be repeated in Kennett Square.

William A. Chandler,	Albert T. Hall,
John J. Donohoe,	Wilmer Plankinton,
John M. Philips,	Solomon Mercer,
John Turner,	J. H. Taylor,
Richard T. Turner,	Phineas Janney,
Coffman James,	John M. Braisted,
Wesley Durnall,	Chas. H. Darlington,
William P. Norris,	William P. Lowery,
Z. P. Taylor,	Edward White,
S. J. Garrett,	William H. Moore,
Edward Strong,	W. A. Williams,
H. C. White,	John Donaho,
James Dixon,	A. W. Plank,
John D. Yerkes,	B. F. Wickersham.
H. W. Taylor,	

The above needs no other reply than the following note from J. Miller McKim, which shows very clearly that the reporter has small reason to plume himself upon the testimony of his ill-advised and too zealous backers.

To the Editor of The Press.

SIR: I have no controversy with you, nor any further dispute with your reporter; nor would I add another word on a matter which, I am sure, must by this time be as distasteful to you as it is unpleasant to myself, were it not for a card which appeared in your columns of yesterday, obliging me either to submit in silence to an impeachment of veracity, or say a few words in reply. I choose the latter as the least disagreeable alternative, and proceed, in the fewest possible words, to say: That I have just returned from Kennett Square, whither I went to make inquiries on this subject; that I learned there that many, if not most, of the signers of the card referred to, were unknown to the oldest inhabitants of the place; that several of them were quite young boys, going to school, and that at least two of them had not heard the speech in regard to which they testified. I called on Mr. Chandler, whose name heads the list, and he candidly admitted to me that he had read hastily the report which he affirms to be correct; that he had signed the paper by request; and that *he had never seen Mr. Purvis's note*, the truthfulness of which the card bearing his signature so positively denies! I also called on the gentleman understood to be the writer of the card, and he admitted that he did not know whether the language ascribed to Mr. Purvis was the precise language used by that gentleman or not; and added, that the report, so far as it concerned himself, the reputed author of the card (he having been one of the speakers at the meeting), was entirely incorrect and misrepresented his language, his spirit and his sentiments.

Now, I submit that, these things being so—and they will not be disputed—that the case stands just where it did before the Kennett Square card appeared; and there, so far as *The Press* is concerned, I am willing to leave it.

J. M. MCKIM.

Comment on our part seems unnecessary, but we cannot help expressing our surprise, that in such a place as Kennett Square, anybody, young or old, should have been found willing to endorse the reporter's scandalous misrepresentations of Mr. Purvis's speech and seek to excite against him the cowardly and vulgar patriotism which resents every allusion to the wrongs inflicted by the Fathers upon the black race as "an outrage upon the venerated and sainted dead." We do not think the staid citizens of that Borough will feel themselves much flattered by the assumption of the signers of the card that *they* were called upon to vindicate "the peace and credit" of the place!

AN OMITTED PASSAGE.

[WE give below a passage in the debates at the recent Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, inadvertently omitted last week by the reporter. The passage should have been inserted, we believe, in the report of the proceedings of Friday evening.]

THOMAS WHITSON—Chandler Darlington, speaking of the Republicans, said he had long been looking for such a party, and that he was pleased to see it, and that he meant to support it. I, too, have long been expecting such a party; and I am pleased to see it also, but I am not going to support it. I will help, as earnestly as Chandler Darlington says he will, to make it better, but I will not act with it. It is built on a corrupt foundation and is therefore itself corrupt. It is part of a corrupt government and partakes necessarily of the nature of that government. This government is renewed every four years. Mr. Buchanan is in power now. He is the Executive not only of the Democratic but of the Republican party. They would have preferred Fremont, and they voted for him and opposed Buchanan; but at the same time they agreed to take Buchanan. They said in effect: if we have the most votes, all must consent to have Fremont; and if you have the most votes all must be willing to take Buchanan. That was the covenant you made in voting. We Abolitionists can make no such covenant.

Buchanan's term is about to expire; and now I suppose we shall have Lincoln. He will be the man to see that slaves are sent back, and that slaves that won't bear the yoke are put down; and that slaveholders shall have all their other *constitutional* advantages. You may vote for him, but I won't. If I were to do so and fail, then I agree to have Breckinridge; and if I succeed, then I make myself responsible for Lincoln. The speaker then went into a statement of his views on the subject of Disunion, and said something about a State withdrawing from the confederacy, which elicited a question from

Dr. STEBBINS—If Pennsylvania should recede from the Union, what does the gentleman propose to do about the public debt? (Applause.)

THOMAS WHITSON—I don't think I'll undertake now to answer that question.

Dr. STEBBINS—No, you had better not (more applause).

THOMAS WHITSON (looking and speaking in his usual satirical style)—Friend Chairman, there is one thing that has always seemed to me very extraordinary, and I can only account for it by the conclusion that Dr. Stebbins must be a very popular man. The Doctor and I have always been good friends. We always differ, to be sure, but still we are pretty good friends. Now, the Doctor, when he speaks at these meetings, as he is apt to do from the back part of the house, is sure to be applauded by the people around him. Why, friend Chairman, if he ever asks a question, we hear stamps of applause (laughter). Now, *I* might stand here, and ask the very same question a half-a-dozen times, and nobody would applaud me (increased laughter). My conclusion is that the Doctor must be a very popular man (great merriment).

MOVEMENTS OF DR. CHEEVER IN ENGLAND.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, October 16th, 1860.

ON Thursday, the 11th inst., a meeting of influential ministers and laymen, connected with the Evangelical Churches of the Metropolis, was held at Radley's Hotel, Bridge street, for the purpose of extending a fraternal greeting to Dr. Cheever, of hearing from him a statement of the aspects of the great struggle in which he is engaged, and of facilitating his mission in this country. About sixty gentlemen were present. Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, the chairman of a former meeting, apologized, by letter, for his absence—expressed his warm sympathy in the Doctor's objects—and, in reference to a protest which had appeared in the newspapers, as an advertisement, signed by certain disaffected members of the Society of the Church of the Puritans, said: "I give *fifty pounds* to strengthen Dr. Cheever's hands in his efforts against slavery. I have read the document which has been sent over from some members of Dr. Cheever's congregation, and I give the money TO HIM *and not to* THEM" (cheers). CHARLES SWAIN, Esq., was called to preside, supported by the Rev. Drs. Brock and Ferguson, J. H. Hinton, M.A., Charles Stovel, Thomas James, John Stoughton, D. Davies, Henry Richard, etc. After a lengthened address from Dr. Cheever, and a friendly discussion of various points, it was moved by Rev. WILLIAM BROCK, D.D., seconded by Rev. THOMAS JAMES, supported by Rev. ROBERT FERGUSON, LL.D., and carried unanimously—

"That this meeting, having heard a statement from the Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D., of New York, it resolves to express to Dr. Cheever its admiration and respect as an undaunted and trustworthy advocate of the slave in the United States, *who is, by all suitable means, to be sustained*; and hereby commends him to the friendship and liberality of the British Churches, believing that, whether in the pulpit, on the platform, or in the social circle, he will be found to be the faithful servant of the Master who executeth righteousness and judgment for all who are oppressed. And this meeting also resolves to assure the Christian brethren in the Church of the Puritans, who have so nobly stood by Dr. Cheever in his maintenance of the cause of human freedom, of their sympathy and esteem, and to bid them, in their great struggle, GOD SPEED!"

Dr. Cheever is now in Scotland. On Sunday, the 14th, he preached to crowded congregations in Glasgow; in the morning, in the Elgin Street Church (Congregational); and in the evening, in the Zion Church (Free). He will hold a series of meetings in Glasgow, previous to going to Edinburgh, where an enthusiastic reception awaits him. Measures are in progress in London for the delivery in London of a Course of Lectures by Dr. Cheever on his return from the North. It will probably consist of six Discourses. St. James's, Freemasons' or Exeter Hall will be taken for the occasion. Some distinguished person will preside on each occasion. This Course of Lectures will be followed by an Aggregate Public Meeting, at which it is expected Lord Brougham will fill the chair.

You will see by the enclosed paragraph from an Edinburgh paper that Dr. Guthrie has heralded the approach of Dr. Cheever to the Modern Athens. The friends of the cause on your side should do all they can to get the Doctor to prolong his stay amongst us. The entire success of his mission will be achieved, if he will stay with us into the spring.

RUFFIANLY ASSAULT.—The crowded state of our columns last week compelled us to defer the record of a brutal outrage upon the person of Mr. Lewis Tappan and of his grandson Mr. William Barney, committed by the ruffian Isaiah Rynders, U. S. Marshal, in his office on the 19th ult. Mr. Tappan (at the request of Wm. Curtis Noyes, Esq.) went with his grandson to the Marshal's office to see if he could not make arrangements with him to place in the Colored Orphan Asylum, to be educated without charge to the government, the three African boys lately rescued from a slaver on the coast of Africa, and then lying in the Eldridge Street Prison. Mr. Tappan having stated his business in respectful terms, Marshal Rynders (the representative of the dignity and the morals of the Administration) at once broke out: "I have been annoyed enough about these damned infernal niggers. Educate them! Why do you not ed-e-cate poor white boys? You don't care a damn for them, but have a mighty love for the damned niggers. It is all a pretence. I don't believe a word of it, nor in your damned philanthropy." Mr. Tappan calmly reminded him that he was an officer of the government, a representative of the Executive of the United States, but this only angered him the more, insomuch that he declared (his cronies in the office applauding him by stamping on the floor), "I wish every damned nigger was hung—hung so high that God Almighty could not reach them; I wish you were hung with them; I should like to have the hanging of you; I'll be damned if I would not hang you in handsome style." The irate official approached Mr. Tappan in a menacing manner, whereupon his grandson (a law student in the office of William Curtis Noyes) gently interposed, saying, "You must not strike my grandfather." Rynders seized the young man by the hair of his head with both hands, and Mr. Tappan (who is upwards of 70 years old), making an effort to protect him, was forced out of the office by the ruffian abettors of the Marshal, and the door closed. The young man was, after a short time, released and permitted to depart. Such, omitting many details, is the substance of the story. The Marshal has been prosecuted for assault and battery, and, if justice is done by the Court, will be severely punished for his ruffianism. Rynders is a fit representative of the party which has the sympathy and support of the editors and proprietors of *The New York Observer*.

PRAYER IN BEHALF OF SLAVERY.—Notice was given in all the churches at Richmond (the centre of the domestic slave trade) on Sunday last, of a meeting to be held on the next day at the African church, to unite in prayer to "avert the dangers that threaten the country" in view of the probable result of the Presidential election! Think of slaveholders, slave-breeders and slave-traders assembling to pray for the safety and perpetuity of their diabolical system. *The New York Observer*, too, sharing in the panic of its Southern friends, and fearing that the sham Democracy and their allies were about to be hurled from power, rolled up its eyes and elongated its countenance in the awfully impressive manner indicated in the following paragraph:

"A correspondent, whose note is published on the last page of this paper, calls to prayer for the country in view of the approaching election. *Never*, NEVER was there more need of prayer. If the Lord do not help us, how shall man help us? Let every heart be stirred to its depths, and God will hear and save. Faith in an overruling Providence is the comfort of the Christian patriot in such an hour."

The Observer's sympathies always go with the sham Democracy, no amount of pro-slavery being sufficient to turn the stomach of its editors. Seeing that party in danger of being overthrown, it shrieked out its despair as above.

The Observer and kindred papers often denounce "political *preaching*" as a desecration of the pulpit; but they seem to think that "political *praying*" is quite proper.

CONVENTION IN VERMONT.—We find in last week's *Liberator* a sketch of the proceedings of a State Anti-Slavery Convention held at Bradford, Vt., on the 17th ult., and regret that, owing to the crowded state of our columns, we cannot reprint it in full. ASA LOW of Bradford presided, and Charles P. Divoll of Topsham acted as Secretary. C. Lenox Remond, E. H. Heywood of Boston, H. Ford Douglass of Chicago, Rev. N. R. Johnston and others took part in the discussions, and we observe that the Congregational and Methodist ministers of Bradford offered prayers on the occasion. Two Methodist clergymen also volunteered a defence of their Church, claiming that it was anti-slavery. The resolutions adopted are high-toned, affirming sound principles and meeting practical issues in a bold and unequivocal manner. A cautiously-worded epistle from Senator Collamer, compared with one addressed to the Convention by William Lloyd Garrison, presents a contrast not unlike that between ice and sunshine.

FEARS OF INSURRECTION.—*The Herald* of Monday published a despatch from Washington, saying: "Quite a number of letters have been received by the Secretary of War from moderate and conservative men in the South, asking him to station a sufficient number of United States soldiers in all the arsenals and fortifications in the South to prevent the arms being seized by the negroes, who, it is feared, will attempt insurrections in the event of Lincoln's election." Happy slaves! who don't want to be free—wouldn't take their freedom, in short, if it were offered to them!

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.....XLII.

OCTOBER 8th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: SINCE I last wrote there has been more appearance of our giving effectual help to your cause than, as I believe, there has ever been before. The one effectual way in which we can work for the extinction of slavery is, no doubt, by growing plantation products by free labour; and a great and sudden stir has been made within a few weeks on behalf of colonial cotton. As you are aware, we now derive more sugar from our colonies than we ever did in the best days of slavery; but vile and unhappy associations hang about that special production, protracting the period of bad management and bad feeling which is the regular bequest of tyrannical institutions. The case of cotton is very different. We have always gone to you for our slave-grown cotton: we did not raise it ourselves. Many of us became uneasy at this dependence, long ago; and you are aware of the fitful efforts made to obtain a supply from India, and from Africa. Those experiments were not thrown away. We have ascertained where cotton may best be grown, and what is wanted for its regular and sufficient growth. It is no small matter that the best judges declare the very best cotton they have seen to be that which comes from Australia; and that the Indian, purchasable for 1*d.* per lb. on the spot, would fetch 11*d.* at Manchester. Such proofs of what is feasible are of great value; but the next step is no less important; and we have reason to believe that it will be taken. The critical state of your polity, the hostility between the North and South, the irregularity of the cotton crop, the bad management of the plantations, and the unparalleled commercial dishonesty in the ports of the slave States, seem to have impressed our manufacturers and merchants at once with a due sense of the precariousness of their dependence on the United States for the subsistence of four millions of our population. The former Cotton-supply Association did its part in obtaining and affording information, supplying seed and bringing various parties into communication: and now it is time to be organizing a wider action. A new Association is just formed (joint stock, under limited liability), which proposes a capital of £100,000, and to begin operations when half that amount is subscribed. Its managers explain the grounds of their expectation that the profits cannot be less than 25 per cent.; and their plan is to reserve all beyond 10 per cent., to enlarge their capital and extend the scheme. Government is prepared to concede land in India and elsewhere, free, or on a merely nominal rent; to assist in providing labor (by promoting emigration and otherwise) and to support the public works by which markets may be opened to the growers of cotton. As the command of suitable land, and the conditions of cotton production had been ascertained before, there seems to be no requisite wanting; for there cannot be a doubt about the contribution of sufficient capital. Where the very best cotton ever seen in Manchester has come from, Queensland in Australia, there is an area of suitable soil, still virgin and in a highly favorable climate, large enough to make a European kingdom. The deficiency there is of labor, and how it will be supplied, our Australian colonies generally may plainly show. In India, there is a practically unlimited supply of land and labor—the laborers being industrious and patient cultivators, fully disposed to increase their cotton crops, and improve the tillage and preparations when shown how. But for the deficiency of transport, we should have draw

power) and going through the group of Roman rulers. I am no admirer of that newspaper, any more than other people, who find its bad spirit a heavy tax to pay for its ability; but if that series of articles were reprinted as a tract, and widely circulated, it would probably do more towards disabusing the slaves of the priests in all lands, and perhaps the priests themselves, than anything yet issued by Protestant alarmists.

As for the Warsaw meeting, it looks too like that which, a century ago, preceded the partition of Poland. Its aspect is painful and disgusting; I trust I need not say very alarming, for power is passing away from such rulers. It is a rally of the absolutists to oppose the development of the liberties of Europe—the pretext being the Italian revolution—and the actual and immediate cause being the activity of the treacherous conspirator who occupies the throne of France. Whatever the despots may desire, they cannot do much—two out of their three countries being in a state of urgent insolvency; but such a conjunction shows us how little to expect from the ostensible reforms promised to the peoples of Russia and Austria. Happily these vexed monarchs cannot go to war, except at the cost of utter ruin! but if it be possible to do mischief to liberty, they will do it; and their helpless antagonism to reform and progress may but too easily further the aims of the democratic despot who well understands how to take advantage of it.

H. M.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent describeth the Advent of the Prince—He commendeth the Clerk of the Weather, and voucheth for his loyalty—He depicteth the Scene—Also the Children's Musical Festival—And hinteth as to the Ball—And setteth forth the Battle of the Dances and of the Supper—He showeth himself strong on Etiquette—He commendeth the Prince—He descendeth to Politics and telleth of them—And of the humors thereof, etc.

BOSTON, Oct. 29, 1860.

WELL, we have had our Prince, in spite of you! You would have liked to keep him all to yourselves, if you could, as you did the Japanese and the Great Eastern, but your machinations were in vain. Had it not been, however, for the circumstance that a Committee from here was on hand to look after you, the whole visit here would have been spoiled, as you had nearly persuaded the Royal party to stay another day in your Wilderness of Shopkeepers. As all the arrangements had been made for Thursday as the great day of the feast, the militia companies being ordered from distant points to report on that day, a delay would have knocked everything into *pie*, as your last page was the other week. But proper representation put everything right, and the young Prince arrived duly on Wednesday afternoon. It was a splendid day, and the *cortége* arrived in town (having left the railway outside the town for the sake of a more imposing entrance) in good season, so that all and singular that wanted to look upon a Prince in the flesh, as well as a Prince of the Blood (none were so singular as not to want to), had as good a chance as they could desire. The streets were lined with spectators, and every window, balcony and "coign of vantage" thronged with curious but orderly crowds. The windows and balconies were all awake with white cambric, and the sidewalks were reasonably shoutsome, considering the undemonstrative character of our people. Bowdoin Square, however, where the Revere House stands, was as uproarious as the most loyal heart could desire, and compelled the acknowledgments from the balcony of the Prince.

I cannot speak too highly of the behavior of the Clerk of the Weather on this occasion. I have had occasion from time to time to speculate as to the anti-slavery and pro-slavery leanings of this mythical functionary, according to his conduct at seasons when his cooperation was important for our own purposes. But I think there can be no doubt of his loyalty to the true Prince. Had he been regularly appointed, by Letters Patent, Purveyor of Weather to His Royal Highness, he could not have furnished a better article than he gave us during the whole visit. Thursday was really a beautiful holiday. The town was full of strangers from other parts of the country, which helped to swell the tide of our own citizens which rolled through the streets and overflowed upon the Common. The trees there were all in golden liveries, while the grass was as green as grass well could be. The sight of the well-dressed, well-behaved thousands and ten thousands of men, women and children, clustering and grouping picturesquely in all directions was an exceeding pretty sight. Even the uniforms of the militia, as seen at a distance, gave gaiety and animation to the scene, although they, probably, did not present a very imposing spectacle in detail or in mass here, any more than with you, to eyes accustomed to the great military displays of Europe. Altogether it was mighty pretty to look at.

And in the afternoon there was another very pretty sight to be seen, by the few who were lucky enough to get tickets, at the Music Hall. It was a Musical Entertainment given by the children of the Public Schools to the youthful guest of the State. The Hall was prettily decorated, but the prettiest ornament of all was the children. They were seated in an amphitheatre of seats rising almost to the ceiling, the girls on the two sides in front, and the boys in the centre. The girls, almost all in white, but with a sprinkling of brighter colors and an abundant setting-off of gay ribbons, looked like

> "a fairy vision,
> Or some gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colors of the rainbow live,
> And play in the plighted clouds."

When the Prince and his suite entered, it was a sight to see the fluttering of the thousand handkerchiefs as the girls enthusiastically waved them in welcome, while the boys received him with rousing cheers. After the guests had taken their places on the platform opposite, the children sang the Ode written by Dr. Holmes, which all your readers have seen, to the tune of God save the Queen, and afterwards they sung other pieces of music, the names whereof this deponent cannot tell. It was all over in an hour, and was as happily executed as it was well conceived. In the evening was the Ball, given in honor of the Prince at the Boston Academy of Music. Of course, you will not expect any account of those profane mysteries from me, as it is not a supposable case that any correspondent of so sedate a paper as THE STANDARD could assist at any such worldly frivolities. But I believe there is no doubt that it was a very gay and brilliant festivity.

It was, to be sure, made the occasion of the only display of partisan malignity which deformed the three days. The persons who assumed the management of the Ball, being self-appointed to the task, were mainly Bell-Everett men, with a very slight sprinkling of Republicans and Democrats. Now, the hatred which that unfortunate class of our fellow-citizens bear the Republicans, is of that spiteful description of which only the very smallest patterns of the human mind are capable. It was clearly proper that Mrs. Banks, as the first lady in rank in the State, should open the Ball with the Prince, as Mrs. Morgan did in New York. This was more than the Bell-Everett spite could stomach. Accordingly their organ, *The Courier*, was made the medium of the lie, the day before, that Mrs. Banks had declined the proffered honor, which never had been proffered. This being contradicted by the lady in her proper place on the floor, they arranged that the Prince should dance first with Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the Mayor, for which the excuse was made that it was a Boston Ball, and that, therefore, the Mayoress was the chief lady present. This was not true, in the first place, for it was not confined to Boston people, either as to its company or its management, and, if so, strict etiquette would have given the first place to the Governor's wife. They could not help the second dance being given to her; but they managed to do it in the most ungracious and ill-bred manner possible. At supper, again, which is an occasion of eminent ceremony and etiquette on all occasions where persons of recognized rank are present, no places were reserved for Governor Banks and Senator Wilson, the persons having precedence of all present after the Prince! Senator Sumner saw this evil afar off, and hid himself, like a prudent man. I really imagine that these officious persons, who jumped at this opportunity of snubbing men whom they hated for having *licked* them over and over again at the polls, did not know how gross a solecism in good manners they were committing, and what an idea they were giving of their ignorance or their ill-breeding to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Prince's suite. The Duke of Newcastle took the first and only opportunity he had of rebuking it, by inviting the Governor, our two Senators, and the members for the Boston Districts, to join the Royal party to Portland, to the exclusion of the self-appointed Committee of Reception and their pets. I need hardly say that the impression left behind him by the Prince of Wales, here as everywhere else, has been of the most pleasing kind. His whole demeanor and appearance was of that thorough high breeding which is, perhaps, the lesson our Republican youth need the most to have set before them.

I imagine I never occupied so much of any of my letters on a subject of this magnitude, and it is now time to turn from matters of real importance to the mere trifles of politics. But there is really next to nothing to tell. The Belleverett party are still fired by their victories in Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and confident of carrying the day next Sixth of November. They are in strong hopes of turning out Mr. Burlingame and Mr. Rice, the present Representatives of the two Boston Districts. Elsewhere, the success of the Republicans is conceded—even in Mr. Eli Thayer's District, though all the elements of opposition are united upon him. It is very true that in Mr. Charles Francis Adams's District the Fusionists have set up Mr. Leverett Saltonstall, of whose election *The Courier* expresses itself confident. But, then, as it tells us that Mr. Saltonstall is Mr. Adams's equal in most respects, and his superior in some, our Delegation will gain by the exchange. There was a very strong effort made to have a Fusion candidate for Governor, to be made by melting together the two Democratic ones, Messrs. Beach and Butler, and the Belleverett one, Mr. Lawrence, and running them into one, in the shape of the octogenarian Ex-Governor Levi Lincoln. Where the *hitch* was that hindered this promising plot I cannot say. Some say that the venerable victim declined being laid upon the altar and ending his public life, after having been nine times Governor, by an ignominious beating at the end of it. But this is not likely, he being an Old Whig. Others say that Mr. Butler did not see the sense of utterly swamping the Democratic party, without a chance of carrying the State. And yet others, that Mr. Lawrence, the Belleverett man, refused to sacrifice his prospects of success in favor of somebody else. This is the most probable solution of the mystery, as he no doubt expects to be elected. I apprehend, however, that we shall have to submit to the opprobrium of seeing the man who occupied the Chair of the John Brown Meeting last December, occupying the Chair of State next January. This is very bad; but as the Union is to go to smash next month upon the election of Lincoln, I suppose our share of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," consequent thereupon, will make us indifferent to the calamity.

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, October 29, 1860.

IT does a man good, once in a while, to get, by personal experience or eyesight, "a realizing sense" of the barbaric cruelty of American slavery. There is danger in hearing the politicians and philosophers argue upon the question, that we shall look upon it as we do on some of the economic theories of the day—as a matter for speculation and experiment. It is only when the terrible nature of slavery is brought directly before the eye, and home to the heart, that we are certain to occupy the rightful position on this exciting and, at present, all-absorbing topic.

Busy all the morning in discussing with a good-natured Douglasite the peculiar doctrines of his leader, I was perhaps inclined to judge him and his friends very charitably, and to think that possibly many men, still in the ranks of pro-slavery parties, at the North, are honest and mean well by the country, if not for the African race. But an hour after my Douglas friend left me, I met a slave-mother, with the tears yet upon her cheeks, caused to flow by the fresh inflictions of wrong and misery by a slave-master. A daughter of hers had made an effort to escape from the prison-house of her bondage, and was recaptured and brought back to the plantation from which she had flown. Her master ordered her stripped, but could get no one to flog her, and finally did it himself, and with such hellish thoroughness that some white carpenters near the place left it in horror. The master having lacerated his victim to his complete satisfaction, then filled the bleeding lash-cuts with salt and water, and sent the young woman to Richmond, where she was speedily sold to the rice plantations of South Carolina. "I have had nineteen children," said the old slave-woman, "and twelve of them were sold off South, and I never shall see one of them again!" Now, here was the institution about which we talk, write, and argue, in all its horrid deformity before me. Facts are always better than theories, and though it is perfectly true that the cases of cruelty so often cited by anti-slavery writers have really very little to do with the question of the rightfulness of the system, yet a flying slave, or a whipped woman, or an outraged slave-girl, if we but get a full idea of the shocking crime committed, gives us *at once*, over all the fine-spun theories of the politicians, the true aspect of the case—the genuine argument—in short, the truth. The head, in the one case, may be confused, but, in the other, the heart is not appealed to in vain, and never misleads. I know that just now even the Republican politicians—some of them, at least—are trying to cover up all the genuine anti-slavery sentiment there is in the Republican party, but it is a difficult business. It will come out, and the "conflict" with slavery, in some shape or other, will go on. "I don't like negroes, slave or free," said the Hon. Mr. Kilgore, at a Republican meeting in this city the other night, but it was well understood by his audience *why* he said it. It was to curry favor with pro-slavery men here, and to make them believe that Republicans are colorphobites as well as Democrats. "He said *more* than enough to satisfy the people of this District," remarked a bitter pro-slavery Democrat, "but did he speak *the truth?*" I am happy to say that there were numbers present at the meeting alluded to who did not relish the innumerable flings at the colored race. It is certainly an agreeable fact that Mr. Kilgore has run his Congressional race and is succeeded by a better Republican.

The Democrats have succeeded in raising something of a panic here, in their own ranks, over the Presidential election. All eyes are turned to New York, and we have numberless old women, and some men, who really believe the Union will crack into two parts if Lincoln is elected on the 6th of November, as your correspondent believes he will be. Where the crack is to run, no one can give us any idea; but that it will crack *somewhere* these solemn people are certain. No doubt some of the Southern politicians are in earnest in expressing their desire for disunion, but they will no more dare contest the question on the field of battle with the nation, than they would to give their slaves books to read. The game of Secretary Cobb is well understood here, and his visit to New York, and his open threats of secession there, were meant to intimidate and frighten the State of New York into giving her electoral vote in such a manner as to make Jo. Lane President. But before Cobb is hung for treason, let at least five hundred of the most "respectable" men of Gotham precede him to the gallows-tree. There are more traitors in New York city to-day than in any slave State of this Union—traitors who for the sale of dry goods submit to the demands of the South, and for pelf connive at their own dishonor. These Southern traitors are *gentlemen*, but the Northern article is made up of sneaks.

The business men of Washington are no believers in disunion, but go on in erecting buildings as if they were sure the Union would last for ever. I predict that in case of Lincoln's election, real estate in the District will take a sudden rise. See if it does not. And one expectation which will cause the rise will be, that slavery will soon die out here. Most of our business men are already sick of it, and desire to make Washington over into a wide-awake, free Northern town. A little while longer, an Administration or two more, and the fact will be accomplished, and not by Congress, but by the legal voters of this District. The furious pro-slavery men here now are Southern clerks, who will be sent home next March, to make place for quieter and more decent people. They—these Southern clerks—are our Disunionists, and simply because they cannot keep office. There are hundreds of old citizens of the District, who are not anti-slavery men, who wish Lincoln to be elected, if for no other purpose, that the Disunionists may be brought to the test. Of course, they will back out, notwithstanding their tremendous threats.

AVON.

WESTERN MOVEMENTS.—The letter from Parker Pillsbury, in another column, will show something of what he and those associated with him are doing to disseminate radical anti-slavery principles at the West. In this work they have our earnest sympathy, and to our readers in that part of the country we say, Fail not to give these devoted laborers your heartiest cooperation. The number of those who may be expected to aid them is small, and they will have to encounter a great amount of prejudice and hostility. Lend them, therefore, a helping hand, by giving the widest possible notice of their meetings and procuring suitable places for holding them.

Among the articles unavoidably excluded from our columns last week was a notice of a Convention to be held to-day and to-morrow (Saturday and Sunday) at Mendota, La Salle Co., Ill., to be attended by the following speakers: Parker Pillsbury, E. R. Brown of Peoria Co., Rev. C. B. Campbell of Iowa, A. J. Grover of Earlville. We hope to hear a good report of this Convention.

A notice of a State Anti-Slavery Convention for Michigan, to be held at Adrian, commencing on the 17th inst., will be found in another column. Our friends in that State should rally to this meeting in full force. Parker Pillsbury, Giles B. Stebbins and Mrs. Josephine Griffing will be among the speakers.

PERSONAL.

Whittier is reading the last proofs of his new volume of poems, entitled "Home Ballads," perhaps the best of his productions.

All Theodore Parker's writings have been transferred to Ticknor and Fields, who will publish the work he left in manuscript on Historic Americans. The memoir of Mr. Parker will be included in the same volumes, and is now occupying the pen of Rev. John Weiss.

Emerson has completed his "Conduct of Life" at last, and it will soon see daylight. The papers it contains are eloquent Emersonian chapters, and some of the subjects treated of are as follows: Fate, Power, Wealth, Culture, Beauty, Behavior, Worship, Illusions, etc., etc.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "The crayon portrait of Mr. Wendell Phillips, drawn by Thomas M. Johnston for C. H. Brainard, is now on exhibition at the store of Elliot and White, 322 Washington street. Many portraits of Mr. P. have already been presented to the public, but they have all been wanting in force of expression and delineation of character. Mr. Johnston has succeeded in depicting his subject in one of his best expressions, and has given the outline of his features with remarkable fidelity, and at the same time delineated his mental characteristics with much truthfulness and feeling. The picture gives great satisfaction to the friends of Mr. Phillips, and must be regarded as the most successful portrait for which he has ever sat. It is to be lithographed by Fabronius, and published by Mr. Brainard."

There was a meeting in Glasgow, not long since, of the working men of the city, to hear addresses from Lord Brougham and other eminent men. Lord Brougham, in his address, claimed for himself the title of a working man: "I began work many more than sixty years ago. I began work, and from that hour to this I have constantly been, like yourselves, a working man; and to be a working man will I continue as long as Providence blesses me with health of body and strength of mind to continue my avocations (loud cheers). And I claim no merit for this, I like it. It has become my second nature. It has become my habit. I cannot possibly lay it aside; I do not see why I should lay it aside; if I see any reason—if I see that the public would be better served by my laying it aside, then I would lay it aside and take the ease which I had earned, or thought I had earned. But till I find that I can work no longer, or that there is any good reason why I should work no longer, work I shall, and work I will, as long as work I can" (loud cheers).

Josiah Quincy, senior, allowed his name to be used as one of the committee of management of the ball to be given in honor of Baron Renfrew in Boston, and says: "It is now nearly, if not quite, seventy years since I had the honor of joining at Concert Hall, in Boston, a contra dance, with the Duke of Kent, the prince's grandfather. I should esteem it a like honor to unite on a like occasion with his grandson. But nature prohibits, and I must submit." *The National Intelligencer*, in noticing the reply of Josiah Quincy, when asked for his name in connection with the Boston ball for the Prince of Wales, says: "It is so well phrased that, in itself, it presents a remarkable illustration of continued strength of intellect. Mr. Q. will attain, if he lives, his ninetieth birthday in February next. He was a guest of John Hancock at a brilliant dinner party. He has been the associate of all the master-minds who formed the Republic. He was subject to the crown at his birth, and lived to see the struggles of the Revolution—the creation of an empire. He is to-day the most interesting man in the nation—by association and by personal worth, and by the possession of a vigorous intellect in that day of life when to the mass of mankind the light of the brain has set."

James Redpath, the biographer of John Brown, was honored with a public ovation at Port au Prince, Hayti, on the 17th of September last. M. J. M. Duval, President of the Haytien Senate, proposed a sentiment in honor of Mr. Redpath, for "his incessant labors for the sacred cause of liberty and the regeneration of the African race." Mr. R. then made a speech in English, which was translated into French. He said:

"Gentlemen, they (Abolitionists) are a noble company whom you have insisted that I shall represent; so noble, that, if it had been possible, I would have preferred to have remained in their rear rather than be called on to speak for them. Infused with the holy idea of the unity of races—of a common childhood before a common Father—whites, blacks, and men of color, they work, each in his own way, but, even when in seeming conflict, in essential harmony for the realization of their heavenborn faith. John Brown and his followers found such a faith worth dying for, and his survivors, and Abolitionists of every rank, have long since found that it is a faith worth living for. Soon may it universally prevail throughout the world!

"I know that it will soon triumph in the United States—that slavery there must soon perish before it. The doom of that cruel barbarism, pronounced from the beginning, now rapidly approaches its fulfilment. Ages ago a Persian poet said, 'Beware of the groans of a wounded heart, for a single sigh can overturn the world.' The sighs of the slaves, the prayers of their friends, the voice of the blood of the martyrs of Harper's Ferry, have been heard in the judgment hall of the Eternal, and the death sentence of the great iniquity must speedily be executed. Whether peacefully, as in Jamaica, or with blood, as in Hayti, I hope that ere many years have passed we will see slavery numbered among the things that were and are not.

"In behalf of the Abolitionists, who seek, by peaceful means, to eradicate slavery, I thank you, Haytiens, for your sympathy; in behalf of my dear friends, the survivors of Harper's Ferry and the family of John Brown, I gratefully thank you, benefactors, for your generous donation; and in behalf of those earnest anti-slavery men who believe that the bondman must be liberated by force, and are prepared to aid him, I thank you, Hayti, land of Petion and of Dessalines, for the lesson that your history teaches, and the hope that it inspires.

"Before resuming my seat, I will ask you to add still further to my obligations to you by joining me in a sentiment:

"*To Liberty, Fraternity and Equality*—To the Liberty of all men; to the Fraternity of all races, and the Equality, in rights, of all men and all races throughout all the world."

President Geffrard sent to the meeting assurances of his approval of its objects. Sentiments were offered in honor of Thaddeus Hyatt, of the memory of John Brown, of Victor Hugo, and Lamartine. After dinner, Mr. Redpath was escorted by a torchlight procession to the vessel in which he took passage for the United States. He is now in New England, acting as an agent of the Haytien government to promote colored emigration to that Republic.

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE AND BOOK DEPOSITORY.

AN office, for the sale of Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Anti-Capital Punishment, Peace, Spiritual and other publications, has been established at No. 15 Steuben street, Albany, N. Y., near the Delavan House. A general assortment of stationery will be kept on hand for sale on the most favorable terms. Subscriptions for *The Liberator*, NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Anti-Slavery Bugle* (Ohio), *London Anti-Slavery Advocate* and *Herald of Progress*, will be received.

Contributions are solicited to aid in printing and circulating Petitions, sustaining Lectures, publishing Tracts for gratuitous distribution, etc., etc.

Donations, Orders for Books and Tracts, and communications relative to anti-slavery and other reform meetings in different parts of the State should be addressed to the general agent,

LYDIA MOTT, Albany, N. Y.

Committee.

S. J. May,	M. C. Wright,	A. M. Powell,
P. H. Jones,	G. E. Baker,	L. Mott.
S. B. Anthony,	E. C. Stanton,	

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary.

JANUARY, 1861.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The ides and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry, and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, cooperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crises unparalleled in the history of our country—new, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans; for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious: the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to neglect, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	SARAH P. REMOND,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY FRANCIS,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	ELIZA APTHORP,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
	MARY E. SEARNS.

TWENTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THIS Bazaar will be opened in the Saloons of the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, December 11th, and will continue during the following three days. This announcement will be sufficient to secure to the Managers the zealous cooperation of those who, for many successive years, have proved the value of this instrumentality of anti-slavery labor.

To others, who have not had this experience, and who have not hitherto deeply felt the claims of the American anti-slavery enterprise, we appeal for aid, not only in the name of four millions of their fellow-countrymen, deprived, by American statutes, of all the rights of American freemen, but also for the sake of their own imperilled liberty. This anti-slavery question, the agitation of which has been widening and deepening for thirty years, until every village from Maine to Texas feels its influence, is no longer merely the question, Shall the negro slaves of these United States be emancipated? The truth, ever obvious to the moral philosopher, that the enslavers of others become themselves enslaved, is now being demonstrated to this nation. The inestimable blessings which American citizens have held so dear, freedom of speech and of the press, the *habeas corpus*, the right of trial by jury, and, indeed, all the safeguards of American law, are wrested from every man, Northern or Southern, who, upon Southern soil, dares to offend a slaveholding populace by manly utterances in behalf of liberty. The struggle is now for our own civil and political freedom, as well as for the personal freedom of the slaves; and upon all those whose moral susceptibilities take no cognizance of the latter, we urge the consideration of the former. It is by such discipline that nations may learn that the absolute right is the wisest political economy.

A result of our long experience in anti-slavery labor, is confidence to urge on the community the claims of our twenty-fifth Fair. The principles of equitable traffic on which our Fairs are conducted are too well known to need explanation here. From our coadjutors at home and abroad we hope to receive valuable contributions.

Donations in money or articles of merchandise may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee of Arrangements.

SARAH PUGH,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SARAH C. HALLOWELL,
ANNA M. CHILD,	REBECCA S. HART,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
SARAH L. CHILD,	JENNETTE JACKSON,
ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
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SARAH KENDERDINE,	HULDAH JUSTICE,
ABBY KIMBER,	ANNA R. JUSTICE,
MARTHA KIMBER,	REBECCA PLUMLY,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	MARY SHAW,
EMMA PARKER,	SUSAN SHAW,
SARAH H. PIERCE,	ANNIE SHOEMAKER,
RUTH ANNA PIERCE,	MARTHA SHOEMAKER,
AGNES CRAIN,	HANNAH L. STICKNEY,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARETTA FORTEN,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	ROSANNA THOMPSON,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM,	LYDIA WHITE,
SARAH K. GILLINGHAM,	RACHEL WILSON,
MARY GREW,	MARY C. WRIGHT.

NEW SERIES OF ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.

THE new Series now consists of Nine Tracts, to which we would again call the attention of our readers and of all friends of Anti-Slavery Reform, as just the publications which the times and the cause now require. Call for them—send for them—circulate them.

No. 1. Correspondence between Lydia Maria Child and Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia. 5 cents.

No. 2 Victor Hugo on American Slavery, with letters of other distinguished individuals, viz., De Tocqueville, Mazzini, Humboldt, Lafayette, &c. 5 cents.

No. 3. An Account of some of the Principal Slave Insurrections during the last two Centuries. By JOSHUA COFFIN. 5 cents.

No. 4. The New Reign of Terror in the Slaveholding States, for 1859-'60. 10 cents.

No. 5. Daniel O'Connell on American Slavery; with other Irish Testimonies. 5 cents.

No. 6. The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the West Indies and elsewhere. By L. MARIA CHILD. 10 cents.

No. 7. Testimonies of Capt. John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, with his Address to the Court. 2 cents.

No. 8. The Philosophy of the Abolition Movement. By WENDELL PHILLIPS. 5 cents.

No. 9. The Patriarchal Institution, as described by Members of its Own Family. Compiled by L. MARIA CHILD. 5 cents.

☞ A deduction of fifty per cent. will be made where a dozen or more copies are taken. Gratuitous copies will be sent by mail, for examination, on receiving the postage charge.

☞ To be had at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 5 Beekman street, New York; 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; 15 Steuben street, Albany; and 221 Washington street, Boston.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE STANDARD.—RICHARD D. WEBB, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for the purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, or to the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10, 13, 35 to 39, 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
3—Nos. 11, 19, 33, 45, 47.
4—Nos. 13, 27, 36, 45.
5—Nos. 16, 21, 40.
6—Nos. 6, 7, 12, 29, 41, 42, 43, 46
7—Nos. 5, 6, 8, 14, 20, 50.
8—Nos. 12, 34, 35, 49, 51.
9—Nos. 27, 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1 to 6, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 20 to end.
11—Nos. 18, 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 40 to end.
13—Nos. 1, 3, 8, 11, 14, 16, 18, 20, 26, 41 to end.
14—Nos. 28 to end.
16—No. 29.
17—Nos. 5, 27, 42, 47.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—We have space only to say that Lincoln is elected President by the votes of all the free States (except New Jersey) this side of the Rocky Mountains, while it is not by any means sure that he has not also carried Oregon and California. His majority in this State is about 40,000. The Republicans, however, have lost several Congressional Districts, so that Lincoln will commence his administration in the face of an adverse majority in both branches of Congress. The votes of the Southern States (except Missouri, which has gone for Douglas) will be divided between Breckinridge and Bell. We shall now see whether or not the South will execute her threat to break up the Union.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Enterprise, Lancaster Co., Pa., Oct. 16th, 1860, HANNAH W., relict of the late Daniel Gibbons, aged 73 years, 6 months and 9 days.

"The angel of death has again visited this household and taken from it, not this time the tender child, lovely and unspeakably precious, but the venerable, loved and honored parent, the matron full of years and of virtue. She has gone from us, whose counsel has guided, whose care has watched over, and whose bright example above all has blessed. In the various relations of life, in which the remarkable unselfishness of her disposition and thoughtfulness for the welfare of others were constantly called into action, and in which her conduct was above all praise, she won, as she deserved, the unbounded love of those thus connected with her.

"And while she was thus devoted to her family, her sympathies were ever ready for those in need, beyond its limits. Born within a few days of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, see seemed to share by nature the spirit in which that was conceived, and after her marriage, she was, as well as her husband, particularly interested in the cause of fugitives from slavery, and was always ready to join him in rendering assistance to the hundreds who came to them, fleeing from the oppressor. The shelter of her home was freely offered, with food and clothing for those who needed, and that which gave the other offerings more than half their value, warm heartfelt sympathy for the sufferings of all. All these Christian deeds she daily performed in the most quiet, unobtrusive manner, seeking no reward from man, satisfied with the consciousness that they were known to Him who will hereafter say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' She has passed away in her usefulness, leaving to her friends only the memory of her virtues and gratitude for the abounding tokens of her love. Their lives should be the holier and purer for the blessing of her example."

Summary.

Andrew B. Hutchinson, a son of Jesse Hutchinson, of Milford, N. H., and one of the well-known Hutchinson family, died at the Lunatic Hospital at South Boston, of chronic insanity, a few days since. He was fifty-two years of age.

STAMPEDE.—Eight slaves escaped from Accomac County, Virginia, last week, in a sloop, but were subsequently recaptured on Assateague Island. They were all taken back, and six of them were sold to a more southern destination.

OLD GARMENTS.—There is a woman in Peacham, Vt., who has an apron that she has worn for 49 years, and a part of the original fabric is still visible in places. This same woman also has a dress that she has worn for 47 years. This woman, and the one in New York who paid $3,000 for a dress to wear to the Prince's Ball, represent the two extremes.

DECREASE OF SLAVES IN DELAWARE.—The Census returns show that the number of slaves in Delaware has been reduced in ten years from 2,290 to 1,805—a difference of 485. The slaves are nearly all in one County (Sussex), and there is good reason to hope the system will be abolished in some way within a few years.

A LINCOLN MAN TARRED AND FEATHERED ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.—The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) *Record* has the following account of the tarring and feathering of an Ohio man on a steamboat at Natchez. *The Record* says:

"Mr. David Levi has just returned from Arizona. Coming up the Mississippi, as the boat stopped at Natchez, a vote was taken for Presidential preferences among the passengers. One very respectable looking merchant, from Ohio, voted for Lincoln, which was the remark that led Levi for him to attempt to disguise his sentiments. The other passengers immediately stripped him, covered him with tar and feathers, and set him afloat in a canoe."

EMANCIPATION IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES.—The bill for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies has been laid before the Chambers, accompanied with statements of the arguments in its favor. The government conceives that it is difficult, if not impossible, to rally differing opinions so as to form a sufficient majority. The Minister for the Colonies has always had, and still has, the strongest desire to arrive at slave emancipation as early as possible, and with as little danger as practicable. The measure is necessary, he says, as well for the interest of the colonies as that of the mother country, and, therefore, he will be rejoiced if it should fall to his lot to contribute in any great degree to its success. The government also ardently desires that the emancipation should be promptly effected; and the Minister declares his solemn intention of lending thereto his serious attention. The bill is drawn up in conformity to various suggestions that had been thrown out in the Chambers. The cost of emancipation is estimated at 13,859,280 florins, independently of 2,000,000 for the encouragement of immigration.

RELIC RESTORED.—*The Washington Star* says that Thaddeus Hyatt, proceeding to North Elba for the purpose of distributing some money to the family of John Brown, was there waited on by many persons, one among whom spoke of a certain pistol in the possession of some member of the family. Inquiring into the matter, he became convinced that the weapon referred to was one of a pair once belonging to General Washington, which had been taken from Col. Lewis Washington's house at the time of the Harper's Ferry affair. He spoke to the family concerning this relic, and went on his way to Kansas. When he returned from that part of the country to New York, he found at his residence a mysterious box, which had been awaiting him for some time, and which had excited no little apprehension, lest it should turn out to be an infernal machine. The box was found to contain the pistol spoken of, and this has now been restored to its rightful owner.

THE ALABAMA INSURRECTION.—We learn through a private source that the evidence of the insurrectionary plot in Alabama, which we alluded to some days ago, was extorted from a slave by the application of eight hundred lashes to his back. After this gentle manifestation his memory was entirely restored, and he was able to verify every suspicion of his tormentors. It was evidence obtained by this process on which the preachers were hung in Texas, and on which most of the cruel punishments inflicted on Northern travellers in the South are grounded. It is a well-known fact, that the States in which these ingenious methods of acquiring knowledge are in vogue, are the most ardent in their devotion to the Democratic party; and it is marvellous, if we revert to the history of the reign of the late king Bomba, to witness the similarity of means and instruments used in keeping up an intense democracy and an intense despotism.—*New York Times.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Our Havana correspondent transmits information that proves how utterly futile are the attempts to extinguish the slave trade under the present regulations. Though a large American, English and Spanish fleet is keeping constant watch upon the movements of the traders, and the Captain-General has undertaken in earnest to punish the Spanish authorities in Cuba who connive at the traffic, yet it flourishes more than ever. It is estimated that, during nine months of the current year, 30,000 Africans have been landed on the island, and even steamships are now engaged in the prosecution of the business. Every year more capital and more energy are employed in the slave trade, and the more vessels that are captured the more would seem to be started on this barbarous and inhuman venture. Our correspondent affirms that the names of highly respectable merchants, both in the United States and in Europe, are mentioned in connection with the Cuban slave trade.—*New York Times.*

FREEDOM IN VIRGINIA.—One of our subscribers in Virginia, who requests us to "send *The Republican* well wrapped, as they do not like such papers circulated here," furnishes us with the following extract, clipped from the Petersburg *Express*, a perusal of which will give the reader a fair idea of the progress of freedom in the Old Dominion

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTUMN.

When Nature wears her russet gown,
And swallows to the south have flown—
When grapes turn purple on the wall,
And from the boughs the ripe pears fall—
When lambs and sheep grow thick with wool,
Then Autumn's lap with fruit is full.

When corn is gathered in the barn,
And reeds are rattling in the tarn—
When partridges in coveys fly,
And dogs and men are company—
When squirrels fill their nutty store,
Then Autumn's morn with frost is hoar.

When sleep-mice hide their sleek, fat forms,
And deep in earth bore ringed worms—
When leaves come rustling down from trees,
And flies the cattle cease to tease,
Then oak his sturdy arms doth bare
To battle with the Autumn air.

When silent robins beg for crumbs,
And old men fumble with their thumbs—
When fires show again in halls,
And bats hook on to dark warm walls,
Then cold wind whistles o'er the moor,
And Autumn shuts the summer door.

—*Chambers's Journal.* X.

PERSECUTED LITERATURE.

A propensity for persecution seems inherent in human nature. The Israelites, who had suffered so much at the hands of Egyptian taskmasters, in their day of power showed no mercy to unbelieving Gentiles; Mohammed openly advocated conversion by sword and fire; and spite of the tie of a common faith; spite of the doctrine of mercy, long-suffering, and loving-kindness preached by the great Founder of Christianity, his followers have imitated the devotees of more bloodthirsty creeds, and

Burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.

The physical annihilation of an opponent was so much more simple an operation than his intellectual overthrow; arguments might not always be ready, but the torch and the fagot were ever at hand; while to suppress the opinions of an adversary was more decisively conclusive than any attempt to confute them would possibly be.

The works of the early Christians received scant justice from imperial hands. Thiberius burned Eutychius's work on the Resurrection of the Dead, and Diocletian issued an edict, ordering all Christian books to be surrendered up to the civil authorities, or the latter were to seize and burn them. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the Emperor Maximilian directed a crusade against Hebrew literature; all Jewish books, Bibles excepted, were ordered to be burned, because they were filled with blasphemies against Christ. The Talmud was an especial object of hatred—emperors, kings, and popes vied with each other in their fulminations against it; and twelve thousand copies were burned at one time in Cremona—a feat throwing the destruction of five thousand copies of the Koran by Cardinal Ximenes into the shade.

The Reformation gave occasion for a vast deal of book-burning. Tetzel would gladly have burned Luther himself; failing that, he gratified his feelings by publicly committing the great reformer's discourses and theses to the flames; a compliment the students of Wittenberg acknowledged by burning eight hundred copies of Tetzel's counter theses in the market place of that town. When Servetus, after once escaping from his enemies at Vienna, was retaken, and, by Calvin's instigation, burned at Geneva, his books and manuscript shared the same fate.

In 1762, the "Emilie" of Jean Jacques Rousseau was burned by the common hangman at Geneva, and his "Contrat Social" afterwards experiened the same fate.

In England, the war upon books was commenced by the haughty, high-reaching son of the Ipswich butcher. The production of literary works had, until his time, been fostered rather than discouraged, and the importations of foreign presses facilitated. Wolsey, writhing under the severe personalities launched at him by Skelton and Roy, and foreseeing that the spirit of religious liberty would speed itself, on the wings lent to it by Faust, among a brave people awakening to a sense of their united might, warned the clergy that unless they exerted themselves to suppress printing, printing would most certainly suppress them. The astute cardinal left no means untried to prevent the circulation of anything he considered dangerous to either Church or State. The king could enjoy the stinging satires levelled at his ambitious favorite sufficiently to protect the satirist from his vengeance, but the author of the "Defence of the Seven Sacraments" was not loath to make his adversaries know that he had at his command more powerful weapons than his pen. He accordingly issued an "Index Expurgatorius," anathematizing the new learning of Protestantism as heretical; and Wolsey went in solemn procession to St. Paul's and presided at the burning of the works of the Wittenberg monk, dreaming, as little as his proud master, that in less than ten years from that time the Defender of the Faith would quarrel with its high-priest, and prohibit the lucubrations of the advocate of papal supremacy as pestilent, infectious, and seditious! Among those who were busiest in this literary crusade, the Bishop of Durham was particularly prominent. His mortal fear of one "little book brought by some folks from Newcastle," led him to make a vain attempt to get all the ports of the kingdom closed against the offending volume. By another exploit, this prelate unwittingly earned the gratitude of the reformers. Upon the publication of the second edition of Tindal's Bible in 1538, a Tindalite, under sentence of execution, was offered a free pardon if he would divulge the name of the person by whose assistance the obnoxious version of the Scriptures had been reprinted. He accepted the condition, and to the astonishment of the chancellor, and the confusion of the Bishop of Durham, declared the bishop was the man, he having, by carefully buying up every copy of the first edition, supplied the funds for bringing out the second.

In the reign of Edward VI., the works of Peter Lombard, Duns Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas were carried upon biers, tumbled into bonfires, and burned in the market-place of Oxford. In the next reign, English Bibles and English commentaries on the Scriptures, of which the number was almost infinite, were treated in the same manner. Philip and Mary did not halt in the good work of suppressing any books tending to undermine their own temporal authority or the spiritual predominance of the pope, and in the latter category were reckoned writings calculated to bring religious houses or the Society of Jesus into contempt. In 1555, the Stationers' Company received their charter, by which they were expressly authorized to search as often as it pleased them all houses occupied by printers, binders, stampers, or booksellers, for any works obnoxious to the State or their own interests, and to seize, burn, or convert such works to their own use. Three years afterwards, the following terse, and, as Strype calls it, "terrible" proclamation was issued, and promptly acted upon:

"*By the King and Queen.*—Whereas divers books, filled with heresy, sedition, and treason, have of late and be daily brought into the realm out of foreign countries and places beyond the seas, and some also covertly printed within this realm, and cast abroad in sundry parts thereof; whereby not only God is dishonored, but also encouragement is given to disobey lawful princes and governors; the king and queen's majesty, for redress hereof, do by their present proclamation declare and publish to all their subjects, that whosoever shall, after the proclamation hereof, be found to have any of the said wicked and seditious books, or finding them, doth not forthwith burn the same, without showing or reading the same to any other person, shall in that case be reputed and taken for a rebel, and shall without delay be executed for that offence, according to the order of martial law. Given at our manor of St. James, the 6th day of June, 1558." This curt and cruel edict is supposed to have been especially provoked by the appearance of a little work, by one Christopher Goodwin, on the lawfulness of disobeying superior powers, in which rebellion against the tyranny of the crowned bigots was openly advised and defended.

In Elizabeth's time, several political pamphlets, and under James, some libels on the powers that were, perished at the stake. Dr. John Cowell published a law dictionary, called "The Interpreter," and dedicated it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In it he argued in favor of assimilating the laws of England to those of imperial Rome; these "outlandish politics" attracted some notice, and drew down the censure of both houses of Parliament; the author was taken into custody, and "The Interpreter" committed to the flames "for asserting several points to the destruction of parliament." In 1622, David Pare's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans" was burned at London, Oxford, and Cambridge, by order of the privy council; and in 1640, the House of Lords commanded two works, Pocklington's "Altare Christianum," and "Sunday no Sabbath," to be burned by the common executioner in the city of London, and at the two universities.

When parliament went up and the king went down, and Presbyterianism was for awhile in the ascendant, the old victims of Episcopal persecution, eager to do as they had been done by, became the bitter denouncers of what they called "cursed intolerable toleration." They who had cried out loudest against the decrees of the old licencers of the press, appointed new ones, by whom all antagonistic works were ruthlessly consigned to destruction. If the God-fearing Puritans proved so merciless, it is not to be wondered at that one of the first proceedings under the Restoration was the burning of the hangman of the Covenant and three acts of parliament; that for erecting the High Court of Justice by which Charles I. was tried and condemned, and that by which England was declared a Commonwealth. On the 13th of August, the king issued a proclamation, ordering all copies of "The Obstructors of Justice," by J. Goodwin, late of Coleman Street, London, to be burned, coupling with it a much more famous work, the splendid "Defence of the People of England," by one John Milton; but Charles would scarcely, like his successor James, have commanded Claude's account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew to be burned at the Exchange, to please the French ambassador. Baxter's "Holy Commonwealth" received the same honor at Oxford in the very year of the Revolution.

After that important event, parliament looked with jealous eyes upon those who grounded the right of William and Mary to occupy the throne upon anything else but the will of the two Houses. In 1692, a pamphlet by C. Blount, describing the king as a conqueror, was burned in Palace Yard. Three years previously, Bishop Burnet published a Pastoral Letter to his Clergy upon taking the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary. Carried away by his zeal, he wrote: "Here was a war begun upon just and lawful grounds, and a war being so begun, it is the uncontroverted opinion of all lawyers, that the success of a just war gives a lawful title to that which is acquired in the progress of it. Therefore, King James having so far sunk in the war, that he both abandoned his people and deserted the government, all his right and title did accrue to the king, in the right of a conqueror over him." This ascription of William's title to the right of conquest was especially repugnant to the parliamentary leaders; and although they did not attempt to prevent the circulation of the Pastoral Letter for three years, it was condemned at the same time as Blount's pamphlet above mentioned.

In 1703, Defoe's "Shortest Way with Dissenters," which raised the ire alike of those it assailed and those it defended, was burned by order of the House of Commons—a decree the true-born Englishman could treat with contempt. In the same year, the Scots parliament indulged themselves in a similar way. The "Historia Anglo-Scotia, or an Impartial History of all that happened between the Kings and Kingdoms of England and Scotland from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth," by Dr. James Drake, was found to contain many false and injurious reflections upon the sovereignty and independence of the Scotch crown and nation, and was therefore burned by the common hangman at the Mercat Cross of Edinburgh. Another work, "Memorials of the Church of England," by the same author, was censured from the throne, and, by the orders of the House of Commons, burned at the Royal Exchange. Dr. Drake's literary life was one of hairbreadth escapes and strange vicissitudes; he was a Tory partisan writer, as daring in breaking the law as he was clever in eluding the clutches of its emissaries. He used to forward his manuscript to the printer through the agency of a masked lady, who took care that her whereabouts should not be traced. He was once saved by the word "nor" having been substituted for "not" in an indictment; but at length government managed to lay hold of him, and, abandoned to his fate by those his pen had served, he died raving mad. In 1705, a book entitled "The Superiority and Direct Domination of the Imperial Crown of England over the Crown and Kingdom of Scotland," was so offensive to Scottish notions, that the parliament of that country handed it over to the executioner. Ten years later, the Irish House of Commons ordered the burning at Dublin of "a false, malicious, and scandalous libel," published by the Irish Jacobins, and called "A Long History of a Short Session of a Certain Parliament in a Certain Kingdom," the contents of which were less ambiguous than its title.

The last noticeable instance of book-burning by authority occurred in 1723. The celebrated physician, Dr. Mead, purchased from the library of the Landgrave of Hessel a copy of the "Christianisme Restitutio" of Servetus, the publication of which cost the author his life. This particular copy was reputed to have belonged to Collodon, one of his accusers. The doctor determined to reprint the ill-fated work in quarto, but before the edition was completed, the sheets were seized at the instance of Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, and the impression burned, May 27, 1723. A few copies escaped destruction, one of which may be seen in the Library of the Medical Society of London. In 1770, a perfect reprint was issued, but only four copies are now known to be in existence. The original copy passed from Dr. Mead into the hands of the Duc de la Vallière, at the sale of whose collection it was purchased for the Imperial Library of France at the price of 3,810 livres.

In these days of cheap printing and toleration, book-burning is looked upon as a puerile folly, upon a par with the Irish method of spiteing a banker by burning his notes. Still literature has suffered losses. As Wat Tyler's victorious rabble made firebrands of the ancient records of the city of London, so mad mobs destroyed invaluable treasures when they set fire to Lord Mansfield's and Dr. Priestley's houses. The Vandal Massena, in retreating from the lines of Torres Vedras, wantonly destroyed the church and convent of Alcobaça, rich with the national literature of Portugal.

Valuable works have fallen victims to ignorance and avarice. The niece of Peiresc, "the attorney-general of the republic of letters," refused to allow the letters addressed to him by the most eminent scholars of the age to be published, because she found them useful for fuel. Mr. Warburton's servant used up a collection of old plays, many of which were unique specimens of our Elizabethan dramatists, for the bottoms of tarts and lighting the fire, for which ignoble purpose the records of the hospital of St. Cross were applied by its ignorant housekeeper; and Bishop Cowper's wife, disgusted with his studious habits, destroyed in a few moments the results of eight years labor. Sometimes authors have been stoics enough to commit literary suicide. Colardeau, when dying, dragged himself to the fire, and sacrificed his translation of Tasso; Raleigh is said to have destroyed the concluding volumes of his "History of the World"; James Montgomery burned a novel, the composition of which had lightened the hours of his imprisonment; Moore put Byron's diary in the fire; D'Orsay did the same office for his own, which must have been worth reading; and Colonel Stewart, son of Dugald Stewart, not only destroyed his own manuscripts, which he calculated had cost him thirteen years of his life, but what was of considerably more consequence, burned his father's incomplete "Philosophy of a Man as a Member of a Political Association," his Edinburgh lectures on "Political Economy," and a continuation of his "Encyclopædia Britannica Dissertation"; unmindful of Milton's aphorism, that "he who destroys a good book kills Reason itself."—*Chambers's Journal.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST CASE.

From The London American.

Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his brother Ezekiel, had set a steel trap, and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble with him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon this meek dumb captive, and offered to let him go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be judge. There is the prisoner (pointing to the woodchuck), and you shall be the counsel and plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done; said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now, if he was suffered to live and go at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, and to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it's your turn; I'll hear what you have to say."

It was his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in his narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; he had made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made him or anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and fox were; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon their mother's table. God furnished their own food; he gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion; yea, more, the animal had never violated the laws of nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him as their own was to them; and the first judgment they might expect, if, in selfish cruelty and cold-heartedness, they took the life they could not restore again.

During this appeal tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks; every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him and his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and, forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking that he had already won his case), and turning to his elder son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed—"Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

THE BLESSING AFTER SERVICE.

I was within a house of prayer,
And many a wounded heart was there;
And many an aching head was bowed
Humbly amidst the kneeling crowd;
Nor marvel—where earth's children press,
There must be thought of bitterness.

Oh! in the change of human life—
The anxious wish, the toil, the strife—
How much we know of grief and pain,
Ere one short week comes round again!
Bend every knee, lift every heart;
We need God's blessing ere we part.

Then sweetly through the hallowed bound
Woke the calm voice of solemn sound;
And gladly many a listening ear
Watched, that pure tone of love to hear;
And on each humbled heart, and true,
God's holy blessing fell like dew.

Like dew on summer's thirsty flowers;
On the mown grass, like softest showers;
On the parched earth like blessed rain
That calls the spring bloom back again.
Oh! to how many a varied sigh
Did that sweet benison reply.

"The peace that God bestows,
Through him who died and rose;
The peace the Father giveth through the Son,
Be known in every mind,
The broken heart to bind;
And bless ye, travellers, as ye journey on!

"Ye who have known to weep
Where your beloved sleep;
Ye who have poured the deep, the bitter cry,
God's blessing be as balm,
The fevered soul to calm,
And wondrous peace each troubled mind supply.

"Young man, whose cheek is bright
With nature's warmest light;
Whilst youth and health thy veins with pure blood swell,
Let the remembrance be
Of thy God blest to thee,
Peace passing understanding guard thee well.

"Parents, whose thoughts afar,
Turn where your children are,
In their still graves, or beneath foreign skies;
This hour God's blessing come,
Cheer the deserted home,
And peace with dovelike wings around you rise.

"Ere this week's strife begin—
The war without, within;
The Triune God, with spirit and with power,
Now on each bended head
His wondrous blessing shed,
And keep you all, through every troubled hour."

And then within the holy place
Was silence for a moment's space;
Such silence that you seemed to hear
The holy dove's wings hovering near;
And the still blessing, far and wide,
Fell like dew at evening-tide;
And ere we left the house of prayer,
We knew that peace descended there;
And through the week of strife and din,
We bore its wondrous seal within.

—*Scenes in our Parish.*

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO.

To the Editor of The (London) Times.

Sir: Having been applied to some time since to join in a petition to the House of Commons that they would appoint a committee to inquire into the effects produced by the prevailing habit of tobacco smoking, I declined to do so; first, because it did not appear to me that such a committee would be very competent to discuss a subject of this kind; and, secondly, because, even if they were so, I did not see that it would be possible for Parliament to follow up by any act of legislation the conclusions at which they might have arrived. Nevertheless, I am ready to admit that the subject is one of no trifling importance, and well worthy the serious consideration of any one who takes an interest in the present and future well-being of society. From these considerations it is that I now venture to address to you the following observations.

The empyreumatic oil of tobacco is produced by distillation of that herb at a temperature above that of boiling water. One or two drops of this oil (according to the size of the animal) placed on the tongue, will kill a cat in a few minutes. A certain quantity of oil must always be circulating in the blood of the habitual smoker, and we cannot suppose that the effects of it on the system can be merely negative. Still I am not prepared to subscribe to the opinion of those who hold that, under all circumstances, and to however moderate an extent it be practised, the smoking of tobacco is prejudicial. The first effect of it is to tranquillize and soothe the nervous system. It allays the pains of hunger, and relieves the uneasy feelings produced by mental and bodily exhaustion. To the soldier who has passed the night in the trenches before a beleaguered town, with only a distant prospect of breakfast when the morning has arrived; to the sailor, contending with the elements in a storm; to the laborer, after a hard day's work; to the traveller, in an uncultivated region, with an insufficient supply of food, the use of a cigar or tobacco pipe may be not only a grateful indulgence, but really beneficial. But the occasional use of it under such circumstances is a very different matter from the habit of constantly smoking which prevails in certain classes of society at the present day.

The effects of this habit are, indeed, various, the difference depending on difference of constitution, and difference in the mode of life otherwise. But, from the best observations which I have been able to make on the subject, I am led to believe that there are very few who do not suffer harm from it, to a greater or less extent. The earliest symptoms are manifested in the derangement of the nervous system. A large proportion of habitual smokers are rendered lazy and listless, indisposed to bodily and incapable of much mental exertion. Others suffer from depression of the spirits, amounting to hypochondriasis, which smoking relieves for a time, though it aggravates the evil afterward. Occasionally there is a general nervous excitability which, though very much less in degree, partakes of the nature of the *delirium tremens* of drunkards. I have known many individuals to suffer from severe nervous pains, sometimes in one, sometimes in another part of the body.

Almost the worst case of neuralgia that ever came under my observation, was that of a gentleman who consulted the late Dr. Bright and myself. The pains were universal and never absent; but during the night they were especially intense, so as almost wholly to prevent sleep. Neither the patient himself nor his medical attendant had any doubts that the disease was to be attributed to his former habit of smoking, on the discontinuance of which he slowly and gradually recovered. An eminent surgeon, who has a great experience in ophthalmic diseases, believes that in some instances he has been able to trace blindness from amaurosis to excess in tobacco smoking; the connection of the two being pretty well established in one case by the fact that, on the practice being left off, the sight of the patient was gradually restored. It would be easy for me to refer to other symptoms, indicating deficient power of the nervous system to which smokers are liable; but it is unnecessary for me to do so; and, indeed, there are some which I would rather leave them to imagine for themselves than undertake the description of them myself in writing.

But the ill effects of tobacco are not confined to the nervous system. In many instances there is a loss of the healthy appetite for food, the imperfect state of the digestion being soon rendered manifest by the loss of flesh and the sallow countenance. It is difficult to say what other diseases may not follow the imperfect assimilation of food, continued during a long period of time. So many causes are in operation in the human body which may tend in a greater or less degree to the production of organic changes in it, that it is only in some instances we can venture to pronounce as to the precise manner in which a disease that proves mortal has originated. From cases, however, which have fallen under my observation, and from a consideration of all the circumstances, I cannot entertain a doubt that, if we could obtain accurate statistics on the subject, we should find that the value of life in inveterate smokers is considerably below the average. Nor is this opinion in any degree contradicted by the fact that there are individuals who, in spite of the inhalation of tobacco smoke, live to be old, and without any material derangement of the health; analogous exceptions to the general rule being met with in the case of those who have indulged too freely in the use of spirituous and fermented liquors.

In the early part of the present century, tobacco smoking was almost entirely confined to what are commonly called the lower grades of society. It was only now and then that any one who wished to be considered as a gentleman was addicted to it. But since the war on the Spanish Peninsula, and the consequent substitution of the cigar for the tobacco pipe, the case has been entirely altered. The greatest smokers at the present time are to be found, not among those who live by their bodily labor, but among those who are more advantageously situated, who have better opportunities of education, and of whom we have a right to expect that they should constitute the most intelligent and thoughtful members of the community. Nor is the practice confined to grown-up men. Boys, even at the best schools, get the habit of smoking, because they think it manly and fashionable to do so; not unfrequently because they have the example set them by their tutors, and partly because there is no friendly voice to warn them as to the special ill consequences to which it may give rise where the process of growth is not yet completed, and the organs are not yet fully developed.

The foregoing observations relate to the habit of smoking as it exists among us at the present time. But still a graver question remains to be considered. What will be the result if this habit be continued by future generations? It is but too true that the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children and their children's children. We may here take warning from the fate of the Red Indians of America. An intelligent American physician gives the following explanation of the gradual extinction of this remarkable people: One generation of them became addicted to the use of the firewater. They have a degenerate and comparatively imbecile progeny, who indulge in the same vicious habit with their parents. Their progeny is still more degenerate, and after a few generations the race ceases altogether. We may also take warning from the history of another nation, who, some few centuries ago, while the banners of Solyman the Magnificent were the terror of Christendom, but who, since then, having become more addicted to tobacco smoking than any of the European nations, are now the lazy and lethargic Turks, held in contempt by all civilized communities.

In thus placing together the consequences of intemperance in the use of alcohol and that in the use of tobacco, I would be very sorry to be misunderstood as regarding these two kinds of intemperance to be in an equal degree pernicious and degrading.

The inveterate tobacco smoker may be stupid and lazy, and the habit to which he is addicted may gradually tend to shorten his life and deteriorate his offspring; but the dram drinker is quarrelsome, mischievous, and often criminal. It is under the influence of gin that the burglar and the murderer become fitted for the task which they have undertaken. The best thing that can be said for dram drinking is, that it induces disease, which carries the poor wretch prematurely to the grave, and rids the world of the nuisance. But, unfortunately, in this as in many other cases, what is wanting in quality is made up in quantity. There are checks on these evil habits which there are not on the other. The dram drinker, or, to use a more general term, the drunkard, is held to be a noxious animal. He is an outcast from all decent society, while there is no such exclusion for the most assiduous smoker.

The comparison of the effects of tobacco with those of alcohol leads to the consideration of a much wider question than that with which I set out. In all ages of which we have any record, mankind have been in the habit of resorting to the use of certain vegetable productions, not as contributing to nourishment, but on account of their having some peculiar influence as stimulants or sedatives (or in some other way) on the nervous system. Tobacco, alcohol, the Indian hemp, the kava of the South Sea Islanders, the Paraguay tea, coffee, and even tea, belong to this category. A disposition so universal may almost be regarded as an instinct, and there is sufficient reason to believe that, within certain limits, the indulgence of the instinct is useful. But we must not abuse our instincts. This is one of the most important rules which man, as a responsible being, both for his own sake and that of others, is bound to observe. Even such moderate agents as tea and coffee, taken in excess, are prejudicial. How much more so are tobacco and alcohol, tending, as they do, not only to the degradation of the individual, but to that of future generations of our species.

If tobacco smokers would limit themselves to the occasional indulgence of their appetites, they would do little harm either to themselves or others; but there is always danger that a sensual habit once begun may be carried to excess, and that danger is never so great as in the case of those who are not compelled, by the necessities of their situation, to be actively employed. For such persons, the prudent course is to abstain from smoking altogether.

Trusting that you and your readers will excuse me for having occupied so large a space in your columns,

I am sir, your obedient servant, B. C. Brodie.

August 27.

DEATH OF POETS IN OCTOBER.

First on the list of the six celebrated writers of English poetry, who died in October, is the "Father of English Poetry," Geoffrey Chaucer (died Oct. 25, 1400), famous chiefly for his "Canterbury Tales." Second, Sir Philip Sydney, who wrote the elegant "Arcadia," and whose gallantry on the field of Zutphen is always remembered, not only in connection with his accomplishments, but also in connection with that touching anecdote about the poor wounded soldier—"poor fellow! thy necessity is greater than mine!" Sydney died Oct. 17, 1586, of wounds received at Zutphen. Edmund Waller, whose easy-flowing numbers contributed so much to improve our language, died Oct. 21, 1687. Dr. Philip Doddridge deserves perhaps the fourth place amongst the English poets who died in October. His hymnal poetry is almost as well known, and certainly more elegant than that of another Dissenting divine, Dr. Watts. One of his hymns, sung at the confirmation of the Princess Royal of England, and his epigrams on his family motto, "Dum vivimus vivamus," is considered the finest in the English language:

"'Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasures of the passing day.'
'Live while you live,' the Christian preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my life let both united be,
I live to pleasure whilst I live to Thee."

Fifth on our list we place Henry Kirke White, who died October 19, 1806. He was the son of a butcher (as was also the poet Akenside). He died at the early age of twenty-one years. The sixth writer of English poetry, who died in October, and who deserves especial notice, is commonly known as L. E. L. (Landon). After her marriage her surname was Maclean. She died on the 15th, 1838.

If we wanted a second list of writers of English poetry who died in October we should name Shirley (29th, 1661), Ozell (15th, 1743), Wilkie (10th, 1772), Smollett (21st, 1771), Brown (23d, 1766), and Charlotte Smith (28th, 1806). James Shirley was a Protestant clergyman, who turned Roman Catholic and became a schoolmaster in London. Besides his poems, he wrote thirty-nine plays and some school books. John Ozell, besides writing original poems, translated "Moliere" and some other French authors into English. Pope speaks of him in the "Dunciad" (Book I). William Wilkie is best known by his poem called the "Epigoniad." Dr. Tobias Smollett is best known as an historian; he continued Hume's "History of England." He is also famous as the author of "Humphrey Clinker." Dr. John Brown was an English clergyman and the author of numerous prose works. His chief poem, the "Cure of Saul," was set to music by Dr. Samuel Arnold. Charlotte Smith wrote many works both in prose and poetry. Her poem called "The Emigrants," is dedicated to the poet Cowper (May 10, 1793). In concluding her letter she alludes to the incident, "When, in the Parliament of England, the greatest orator of our time quoted the sublimest of our poets—when the eloquence of Fox did justice to the genius of Cowper."

"If we wanted a third list of six writers of English poetry who died in October, we should place George Gascoyne first on the list, for he died October 7th, 1577. He wielded the sword as well as the pen, and like Sir Philip Sydney, another soldier poet of October fame, he gained military renown in the Netherlands. Jacob Allestry comes next in chronological order. His father was a bookseller in London. He became M.A. of Oxford, and he was the author of the verses spoken in the theatre at Oxford before James, Duke of York (printed in the "Examen Poeticum"). He died October 15, 1686. 3. Robert Fergusson might have been a greater poet had he been a better man. He died in a lunatic asylum, October 16, 1774. 4. Henry Brook's first published piece was entitled "Universal Beauty." It was praised by Pope. Brook died October 10, 1783. 5. William Julius Mickle, who died October 25, 1788, is known chiefly by his excellent translation of the "Lusiad" of Camoens into English. 6. Sir Richard Blackmore, died October 8, 1789; his best poem is "The Creation."—*Companion for Youth.*

George III. and His Keepers.—It would have been well if the errors of the physicians had been confined to ignorance. But their negligence was still more reprehensible. While the poor maniac was deprived of those tender offices which his wife and daughters might have rendered, he was abandoned to the care of low mercenaries; and so little discrimination was observed in the choice of his attendants that the charge of his person devolved chiefly on a German page, named Ernst, who was utterly unworthy to be trusted with the charge of the humblest of his fellow-creatures. This man, who had been raised by the patronage of His Majesty, repaid the kindness of his Royal master with the most brutal ingratitude. He went so far as to strike the helpless King, and on one occasion, when His Majesty wished to protract his exercise in the gardens at Kew, Ernst seized him in his arms, carried him into a chamber, and throwing him violently on a sofa, exclaimed in an insolent manner to the attendants, "There is your king for you." These outrages were perpetrated in the seclusion of the palace at Kew, to which the King had been removed in the month of October, at the instance of the Prince of Wales. His Majesty had been persuaded to leave Windsor, to which he was much attached, by the promise that he should see his children at Kew. He entered the carriage cheerfully; but, on passing through the iron gates of the Little Park, he put his hands before his face and burst into tears. Recovering his composure, however, he talked to the equerries who accompanied him to the carriage in his ordinary hurried manner, pointing out the objects in the road, and anticipating the pleasure, long denied him, of seeing his wife and daughters. But on his arrival at Kew he found himself a prisoner. Proceeding towards the apartments he usually occupied, he was stopped, and conducted into a large room, where he found the pages who were to be his keepers waiting to receive him. The equerries, among whom were his faithful and valued servant, General Harcourt, according to the orders they had received, withdrew. The physicians, also, who had accompanied the royal patient from Windsor, having consigned him to the charge of the pages, also thought proper to retire, and actually returned to London the same night. The King then impatiently demanded to see his family; and the promise under which he had been induced to leave his palace of Windsor was, in cruel mockery, fulfilled. The Princesses were brought before the window; the King on seeing them rushed forward to lift the sash, but it was screwed down. A paroxysm was the immediate consequence of this cruel restraint; the Princesses were hastily removed, and the King was dragged from the window, entreating to be allowed to speak to his children.—*Massey's History of England.*

JEANNIE.

Where's the way to Jeannie's house?
Any child will guide you;
Or ye may find the road yoursel',
The river runs beside you.

Where's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna answer:
Hereabout or thereabout,
Find it if you can, sir.

Is this the way to Jeannie's house?
As straight as you can go, sir;
Down the valley, through the wood,
And by the brook below, sir.

What's the way to Jeannie's heart?
That I canna say, sir;
A lang way up, a wee way down,
In troth, an unco' way, sir.

Some on horse, and some on foot,
Comes hither many a score, sir;
Wha finds the way to Jeannie's heart,
Maun bring a coach and four, sir.

—*Once a Week.* Paul Richardson.

HOW TO WRITE A KING'S SPEECH.

The king's speech was a very important consideration both for the crown and the cabinet. The policy of resistance and liberty, of independence and peace, attempted from the day following the Revolution and energetically carried on by M. Casimer Périer, was therein to be openly avowed, in the name of all the different shades of opinion now united round the throne to constitute the government. The duty of preparing the speech was committed to me.

This task has nearly always fallen to my lot in the various cabinets of which I have been a member. A task difficult in itself, for few things can be more so than to sum up in a few sentences, at once general and precise, and significant without being compromising, the position and policy of a government suddenly formed, and in the midst of action. A still greater difficulty lies in delivering through the royal mouth the sentiments of the king and his advisers, in consistence with the dignity and true intent of both, and in throwing aside all differences that may exist between them, so as to exhibit nothing but the harmonious operation of the power they exercise in common. Notwithstanding its embarrassments, and precisely on that account, this ordeal, which the constitutional system imposes periodically on the prince and his ministers, is sound and salutary. It reminds them on a fixed and solemn day of their mutual relations, and of the necessity they are under of showing themselves united, and of speaking and acting in mutual accordance. There is, in this public manifestation of the whole government before the country, a due homage rendered to the position occupied by royalty, and a guarantee for the influence of the country in the counsels of the sovereign. There is much in being compelled to appear what it is desirable that we should be in effect. Inevitable publicity often determines good conduct, and prevents many more faults than it reveals.

In November, 1832, this obligation had nothing in it of an embarrassing nature, either for King Louis Philippe or his advisers. They were perfectly agreed upon general maxims of policy, and upon the course to adopt on the particular questions under consideration. Neither the king nor his ministers entertained any exorbitant pretensions or jealous susceptibilities which might tend to impede their intercourse. The cabinet assembled sometimes at the residence of Marshall Soult, their president; at others, at the Tuileries, round the king, according to the nature and state of the affairs in debate. At all these meetings there was free liberty of discussion without restraint, for there were few objections to surmount. The preparation of the royal speech, therefore, presented no serious difficulty on the substance of the policy to be adopted. There remained only the obligation, always delicate, of a perfect understanding between the king and his ministers, upon the measure, compatibilities and coloring of the language which, with reference to the orders of the day, it was necessary to hold before Europe in the name of France; and before France in the name of the government. Before submitting it to the collected cabinet, it was between the king and myself that this difficulty had to be discussed; and here I found my task a laborious one. Not only did King Louis Philippe meditate profoundly on his royal duties and the affairs of the country, but he possessed, moreover, a singularly fertile mind, quick in apprehension, animated and flexible; every idea and impression exercised over him, at the first moment, a predominant influence. Clear-sighted and judicious in the end he proposed to reach when speaking, he did not always foresee correctly the effect of his words upon the public to whom they were addressed, and almost exclusively occupied himself with satisfying his own idea, to which he often attached more importance than it really possessed. I submitted to him my draft of the speech in the beginning of November, and during a fortnight, upon every paragraph, and nearly upon every word, we held discussions, incessantly abandoned and renewed, as fresh resolutions or doubts arose to contravene the decision of the preceding eve. I received daily, and often several times in a morning, little notes from the king, in which he transmitted to me the results of this perpetual fluctuation of his mind, and thus compelled me to reconstruct my own plan. Through a natural respect for monarchy, and also in the conviction that the definitive result would be advantageous, I submitted with a good grace to this long controversy, often upon insignificant points, although sufficiently animated. My expectation was not deceived. On reading over, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, and, as in a chapter of ancient history, this opening speech of the session of 1832, I find it worthy of the rational government of a free people, and unless I beguile myself, all impartial judges would even to-day receive from it the same impression.

As soon as the king and myself had nearly agreed, the Cabinet, to which I had imparted regularly our little debates, adopted the speech at once, with some trifling modifications.—*Guizot's Memories.*

The Beauty of Lichens and Mosses.—Lichens and mosses, how of these? Meek creatures; the first mercy of the earth, vailing with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine filmed, as if the rock spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass; the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichens take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth's children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat or pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while